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"LIBERTY, HO INESS, LOVE."

S. B., AND S. K. L., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY JUNE 26, 1841. NO. 1082.---VOL. XX.—NO. 26.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

'But I say unto you, that of every idle word ye speak, ye shall give account thereof at the day of judgment.'—Matt. xii. 36.

Vainly have translators eluded the primal force of this passage by the substitution of the word 'unprofitable' or 'pernicious,' when we consider that it is in truth a part of the divine dispensation; this rendering may be necessary to the perfect comprehension of the divine justice, but the delicate conscience poises itself after all, upon the original expression and asks account of the 'idle' words and 'idle' hours which have but played with the passing time. The light and joyous word which blunts a thorn, or smooths a furrow on the path of life, and the hour of small things which relieves the steady toil of days, are not idle; they have their place in the grand scheme of progress, they have their value to the body and soul, which at the best must be sometimes wearied or disturbed. But as one goes to his nightly rest and glances back upon the experience of each day, do no remembrances of words spoken to no end, of hours passed to little profit, whether bodily or otherwise, press upon his mind? His must be a rare life, methinks, which has furnished no such memories. Seldom do two persons meet who may not learn somewhat of each other, seldom is the tone of conversation so necessarily trifling, that it may not be made pregnant with beauty, truth and humor, or with that less brilliant but more valuable common sense which shall in turn exhilarate or satisfy the mind in its hours of solitary labor. If there are any 'buried sins' over whose 'bodies' we may be excused for weeping, it seems to me that our utter waste of time and thought is among the number. Everybody admits this—that everybody does what everybody dislikes, although everybody knows that it is wrong. It remains with *everybody* to change the fact. A certain set of young people of both sexes will meet together, at a certain place and hour, at regularly recurring periods to carry into effect a certain plan for mutual improvement. They are in earnest, and of course successful, the laugh, the pointed and graceful jest, and the deep thought or practical deduction, have on these occasions their proper relative importance—but twenty four hours after such a meeting, you find the same circle, in a little different situation, and it seems directly, to be a conventionalism that they shall talk nothing but the most utter nonsense to each other, that they shall sedulously conceal whatever claims to respect they may possess, and separate each to reflect as I do now, upon the folly and insufficiency of such 'comings together.' I am aware that all this is very common place, that no peculiar genius is required to enable one to detect this *hollowness*. I feel also, that in *making this charge* upon society, no individual *would dare* exempt himself from a fitting share of the condemnation implied. I feel that the tit for tat of the drawing-room may seldom do any positive harm, but in the absense of good lies the germ of all evil. It is the *tendency*, of this prevailing habit, this practical denial of man's divine nature, which disturbs me. If the tongue must busy itself with nothing, it will at least *seek* to make these nothings significant, and a taste for scandal is fostered in the endeavor. I never thought *that* the highest praise which a man bestows upon his friend, when he says that he has never been known to speak ill of another. To speak ill of those who deserve to be illy spoken of, is as much a duty as to protect the calumniated. I do not like a man who has walked through the world without recognizing and condemning the evil in it. It seems to me, as reasonable, that a man should accept and pass again money which he knows to be counterfeit, as that he should give currency to evil deeds by language of indiscriminate eulogy. We know that in the first instance, the law pronounces him an accomplice in the counterfeiter's crime—and is he innocent who passes the moral counterfeit among his fellows, endorsing it perhaps, by means of his own unsullied character. No! let us not confound good with evil, by commencing the analysis at their extremes, let it be felt, that he who never spoke a syllable of unmerited *praise*, is a far nobler being, but not in the travestie of 'idle' words is his verdict given. Consciences wear smooth in many hearts, and catch not as they should at memories of trifling transgression, but if the leisure of evening brought always to its test the gossip of idle hours, how often would it feel the energies of a destructive life stirring within this abortion of the intellect. I should like to see one spirit always conscious of its immortality and that spirit not in the pulpit nor at the bar of office, not starting to be great, not an oracle in the people's eye by intention, but a simple man discharging the duties of a private station with honorable industry, making his relaxation an opportunity to others, teaching, even in the joyous smile with which he welcomes infancy, open to the approach of the youngest and the weakest—never parting from the merest stranger without leaving him a better and a wiser man—never handling the old jest or the trite axiom, but to give to each a more moving beauty and a deeper moral truth—never recognizing, that to him the passing hour may be idle, his lightest word a dead weight in the balance of other men's earnest needs. This were indeed worthy of humanity to be never forgetful of the soul's high destiny, but one sometimes smiles sadly, as he looks back upon the part he has played in an evening's drama and asks of his better nature, if it were really he, the aspirant to eternity, the ever progressive soul, the joint heir of Christ, that was thus lost in levity, that thus idled the hour that swelled his last account. This view is frequently perverted and then throws odium upon Christianity as the lengthener of men's faces, the foe to that conscious cheerfulness which is the test of a true faith. Not *sad*, but earnest would I have man be, well aware that neither trial nor prosperity, but progess is the end unto which he is born—accepting all which the second Adam brought as the means of restoring to himself and his race, the privileges of that original man, who heard the voice of God and shrank not from the divine melody of its tones. Developement should be his aim, a development which will not brook an idle hour but which shall be ever progressively energetic. The fullness of vital principle in the springing plant, forces into being its fragrant blossoms even in a temporary shade. An unfolding blossom, is life, only so far conscious of past progress as is necessary to the nurture of undoubted energies to meet that which is to be.

C. W. H.

[From our English Correspondent.]

NO. X.

Manchester, May 1st, 1841.

This is a day on which Flora gives us notice of the return of summer, for, this morning, all the men who supply this large town with milk, came decorated with flowers and streamers of the gayest description; the carts, horses, and donkeys, are alike ornamented with polyanthuses, tulips, and pansies, also with green boughs of May; the flowers of this beautiful shrub have not yet appeared. Some children, almost covered with flowers, add to the gaiety of the several groups, and thus they paraded the town. In the evening this scene is again repeated. The weather favors the display. England does indeed look fresh and beautiful in parts where art does not interfere, just as if newly come from the hands of her Creator. In London, I am told the poor chimney sweeps have a similar show, but this custom is not so gay as one which still prevails in Cornwall. A young friend writes to me that 'in the town of Penzance, they have a floral dance to a peculiar tune, well known to all Cornishmen;—the young people join in couples, and dance through the town;—the houses are all thrown open, and they trip through them, going in at the front door and out at the back; then in at the back door and out at the front; and so on to the end of the street.' It is usual in Manchester for many persons of the humbler ranks to amuse themselves in the streets, on Sunday afternoons, when they present a strange appearance to those who have spent their Sabbaths in quiet and orderly Boston. Battledore and Shuttlecock seems the favorite game. Most of the children are ragged and dirty in the extreme, but even their appearance does not quite accord with the extreme misery and destitution of which we read and hear.

I do not think any of the Factory Girls here have given to the world so convincing a proof of their improvement and love of literature as 'The Lowell Offering,' but some of them are well taught. I accompanied a lady, who takes much interest in the welfare of this class of her fellow creatures, to an evening school at the Lyceum, where I heard some of the girls read, and put some questions to them on the subject of their lesson, which was English History; their answers were correct, and they appeared desirous of receiving information by paying undivided attention to those engaged in teaching them. One woman, over forty years of age, attended this school; she told me she had lost nine children; her husband was gone to America, and she was learning to write in order to be able to correspond with him; her progress was slow; but in such a cause I have faith in her ultimate success.

I have once attended a soiree of the Lyceum. Some disappointment was that evening manifested in the absence of such persons as were expected to contribute to the amusements of the evening. When I arrived, the party were seated, as if to attend a lecture, and six or seven musicians presently ascended a platform, and played, in a very agreeable manner, some airs and good pieces of music; these were all working men. Then one of the directors stated, that from some unknown cause, the reciters and others, who had promised to attend, had not arrived, and the best way was for them to amuse themselves by dancing to the very excellent music they had; this was done, and the evening was spent harmoniously, and with as much attention to courtesy and kindness to one another as usually prevails in more distinguished circles. Some fruit was introduced by way of refreshment, and in the course of the evening, a few songs and glees were sung by unprofessional singers, and it was pleasant to see this useful class able to enjoy themselves so innocently in the presence of some of their employers, and others, in apparently a more fortunate position in society. As this appears to present a state of things very different to what has been given by other visiters to this place, I am pleased to show that there is a bright side to a dark picture. Intelligent men, also, of the working classes, give lectures at the Lyceum to the members and visiters. I heard one of these, on Phrenology, which would have done no discredit to Mr Combe.

Some of the Village Missionaries in the Unitarian cause are also men employed in daily labor. They are so unobtruding that by the public in general their important labors are not yet appreciated. Our regular Unitarian ministers are so highly educated as to make it difficult for them to comprehend the wants of less instructed minds; they have their parts to perform in the high offices they undertake. Many in England, who are not yet prepared to follow the refined eloquence necessary to the cultivated intellect, are yet eager for the knowledge communicated by those who have studied Christianity in its simple and most attractive form.

Mr Silvanus Gibbs appears to have been among the first here to set an example to his fellow laborers of imparting his conviction of the truth of liberal and simple views of religion, as taught by Jesus to his disciples. Mr Gibbs elevated his own mind by the study of the Scriptures, and became a convert to his present opinions by reading Dr Carpenter's 'Unitarianism the Doctrine of the Gospel;' his experience induces him to recommend an increase of books on doctrinal subjects, suited to the wants of the humble searcher of the truth. Mr Gibbs has been for more than twenty years the minister of a congregation in Devonport, formed by himself, chiefly from the artisans employed in the Dock Yard, where his own avocations also were daily pursued. With very little assistance, they built themselves a Chapel dedicated to the God of Love; the words 'God is love' are conspicuously placed in the front of the pulpit. Mr Gibbs has lately retired from this situation, and at a meeting of the Unitarians in that neighborhood, he has lately been presented with his own portrait, when one present spoke of him as being 'a living example of nobleness and generosity of mind, courage, fidelity and perseverance, unremunerated and self-sacrificing philanthropy.'

S. M.

For the Register and Observer.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. CHRISTIANITY HAS BUT ONE FUNDAMENTAL.

Let Christians reduce the ground of their fellowship to a single fundamental, and the result will be communion and harmony. And this result can be realized in no other way. It can spring from no other principle. If they have two or more fundamentals there will be division and exclusiveness. Mutual acceptance and communion becomes morally impossible.

It is the duty of all Christians to be in fellowship with each other. The new commandment of their Divine Master has placed this obligation strongly upon them. It is that they love one another. And for this thing, he fervently prayed. It was that they might be one. His last counsel and his last prayer, were directed to the same object, that all his followers, all believers in his name, might love one another and be one, of one communion, one brotherhood, one spiritual family.

Christians fulfil the new commandment by extending cordial fellowship to all who are called by the name of their common Lord. By cordially receiving and accepting each other as Christians. It is not requisite that they should harmonize in their interpretation of Christianity. Every one possesses the liberty of making his own construction. It is each one's right, and is to be mutually accorded by all to all. But while one retains his own peculiar views, as a Calvinist; as an Arminian; as a Methodist; as a Quaker &c., he is not to retain them as a fundamental; not as a condition of fellowship; not as a ground of exclusion.

'The Disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.' And why were they so called? It was on one account; not for several reasons but for one only; it was because they believed in Christ. They regarded and revered Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God; as the Light of the world; as the Savior of men. The profession of this faith constituted them Christians. It was not because they believed in the doctrine of a resurrection and a future life; nor in the doctrine of regeneration, or in any other particular sentiment of the Gospel that they were called Christians. It was manifestly for one thing only; their belief that Jesus was the Christ.

We may distinguish Christians into two descriptions; the visible or outward; and the spiritual or real. The visible Christian becomes such by profession; the spiritual Christian becomes such by conformity of heart. All real Christians are also visible Christians. And it is the visibility, the profession, of Christianity that is the ground of fellowship. Christians cannot have direct access to each other's hearts. They know each other only by external manifestations, by words, acts, profession. And where profession is uncontradicted by either word or deed, it should, in charity and in justice, be accredited. A man should be accounted as being what he professes to be, unless his profession be contradicted by his life. And what he is to profess in order to be a Christian is simply a belief that Jesus is the Christ; 'that he proceeded forth and came from God;' that his doctrine is life everlasting to all who receive and obey it.

For the correctness of this position, we have the highest authority. It is sustained by the examples of the Lord Jesus, himself and of the apostle, Paul. On a certain occasion, Jesus put the question, Whom say ye that I am? And Peter answered; 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' And this confession of Peter was accepted and approved as a good confession, by his Master. He said; 'On this rock, [on the doctrine contained in this confession] I will build my Church.' The Christian Church, then, stands on the foundation of a professed belief that Jesus is the Christ of God. It is a creed with but one article. And the Apostle bears testimony to the same fact. 'He says; 'The word of faith, which we preach, speaketh on this wise;—That if thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Here again is the Christian creed with but one article. It is the single fundamental of Christianity. The Ethiopian avowed his belief of it to Philip and it was forthwith accepted as sufficient and satisfactory. The man became a real Christian by having this faith in his heart, and he became a visible one by making the avowal of it. And our Savior describes Christians by calling them those who believe in him. 'I pray,' he said, 'not only for these, but also for all those who shall believe in me through their word, that they all may be one.' Christians, then, are those who believe in Jesus Christ. This belief is their distinctive. It constitutes them Christians. And all Christians should fellowship each other and be of one communion: not of one meeting; not of the same religious society; but of one brotherhood, regarding and treating each other as members of the same family, 'the household of faith.'

As belief in Christ makes a man a Christian, it of course, makes him a suitable subject of fellowship. No more conditions can justly be required for communion than is requisite for Christianity. As one article of faith (if it be the right one) renders the subject of it as truly a Christian as ten or a hundred, it should be so regarded and accepted. Christians have no divine warrant for demanding of each other more than one article of belief. If they go any further, they must proceed on the ground of human interpretation. And all this is fallible authority. Scripture is one thing; but a man's interpretation of it is another. Christianity is one thing, but a man's construction of it, is another. The former is acknowledged to be of divine authority, but the latter is only human. No man may, with propriety, put his own construction of Christianity, in the place of Christianity itself. One man's conviction is not to be the ground of another man's belief: nor one man's conscience the rule of another man's actions. My brother believes, as I do, that Christianity is of divine origin. But his construction, in some particulars, differs from mine. He, however, is as honest in his convictions as I am in mine. Charity teaches me to hope that he is a better Christian than I am myself. Why, then, should I judge him, why should I exclude him from my communion? Did Jesus, our Savior, exclude any from his communion? Did the Apostle teach the contentious and scismatical Corinthians to exclude the heretical; those who were 'weak in the faith?' No; but the thing, precisely opposite. And may all Christians take a lesson from that holy man who had made such admirable proficiency in learning of Christ.

S. F.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Hallowed be thy name.

The *name of God*, means commonly in Scripture the same as God Himself: and '*hallowed*' means had in reverence, or honor. The expression 'HALLOWED BE THY NAME' is, therefore, one by which we imply, that we consider all honor as due to God, and wish it to be rendered to Him. This disposition of the heart to ascribe praise and honor to God is a very sublime and excellent part of religion. It is that branch of prayer which is commonly called adoration. In thus adoring God, we, as it were, forget ourselves. We adore Him for what He is, essentially in Himself, and generally to all His creatures, rather than for what He is particularly to us. By addressing Him in this manner, our ideas of Him become exalted in the beginning of our prayer: and we, then, descend to our more particular petitions, with the greater reverence for Him, to whom we offer our supplications. We have an example of the spirit of adoration in that sublime language of the Psalmist, in which he calls upon all created things to unite with him in praising God. 'Praise Him, all ye angels of his; praise Him, all his host; praise Him, sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars of light; praise Him, all ye heavens, and ye waters that are above the heavens:' 'Oh, praise God in his holiness, praise Him in the firmament of his power. Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.'

Thy Kingdom come.

The establishment of the religion of Christ in the world is represented in Scripture under the figure of the erection of a kingdom. The kings of the earth have their separate territories, over which they reign, and their several interests, which they endeavor to extend; and he is deemed the greatest and most successful monarch who is best able to maintain and enlarge his empire. God also has a kingdom in this world. It interferes not, however, with those of earthly princes; for it is a spiritual kingdom, consisting partly indeed of a visible church, but chiefly in an empire over the hearts of men. This Kingdom of God extends itself over many kingdoms of the world; for the subjects of the Messiah are of every nation, and tongue, and people, and language. For the more complete establishment of this Kingdom we are taught by Christ to pray, before we proceed to present our private petitions. The Lord's prayer therefore supposes the success of the gospel is to be near our hearts. Let us who so often use these words, ask ourselves whether it be our ardent wish to see the gospel every where flourish? We long for the aggrandisement of our native country. We wish our rivals to be laid low, and our own land to become great and victorious. But do we bear in mind the far more important interests of the kingdom of Christ?

May the Lord take to Himself his great power and reign! may all kings fall down before Him, and all nation do Him service! may He go on, conquering, and to conquer, until all His enemies shall be laid under His feet!

'Whether the gate of my prison be opened with an oiled key by a gentle and preparing sickness, or the gate be hewed down by a violent death, or the gate be burned down by a raging and frantic fever, a gate into heaven I shall have; for from the Lord is the course of my life, and with God the Lord are the issues of death.'—*Donne.*

For the Register and Observer.

I was accidentally, a few days since, in an upper room in a building in Boston, and overheard an interesting conversation between an illiterate man and a boy of ten or twelve in a yard behind the building. 'What,' said the man, 'are you not a Christian?' 'A Christian! no! I'm an Infidel.' 'So you don't think there's a God?' 'Yes I think there's a God, but I don't believe there's any Jesus.' 'Well, if you think there's a God, why don't you believe in him?' 'O! I don't know,—my father's an infidel.' 'What, don't he go to Church?' 'Yes, he goes to the infidel Church.' 'Why, they don't have an infidel Church, do they?' 'Yes, a society of free discussion, any body says what he's a mind to. I love to go and hear them Sunday afternoons. They say that Jesus was an impostor and that the Bible is a lie. And yet I don't see how such a lie could be made up.' 'No, nor I. But you say it is a lie?' 'Why, they say so, but I don't see who could have made it up.' Here the boy began to read the Times and changed the conversation.

How forcibly nature spoke through that child's mind. Brought up by an infidel parent to attend infidel meetings, and never having been accustomed to hear the Bible spoken of with reverence, yet that which he has heard read of the book forces on his mind a conviction of its truth. Listen, my boy, to those promptings of nature. They are the whispers of a better spirit than that of infidelity; follow them and they will lead you to happy trust in God your Father, and in Jesus your Savior too.

TRANSITION.

Melancholy ever attends upon the contemplation of transition, whether the transition relates to an external or an internal state, whether it involves progression or decay. If Paul could have seated himself on the unroofed shrine of the Ephesian Diana, sighs for its fallen grandeur might have mingled with his praises for the overthrow of its ancient superstitions. If John could have returned from Patmos to lay his bones at the foot of the holy mountain, he would have wept over the rank grass of the temple courts, and the blackened rafters of the secret chambers, while he gloried in the fulfilment of the promises. From the same cause, it is natural that the bride should linger on the threshold of her native home, and that the most devoted martyr should stoop to the fading flowers at his feet, while the amaranth crown is within his reach. From the same cause, there must have been melancholy mingled with the holy triumphs of Jesus in every stage of his progression, if we may judge from our analogous experience. In the transitions of opinion and emotion by which we are instructed in our destiny, we are each led up into a solitude where we must struggle with our longings, our regrets, our fears; and however triumphant may be the issue, there is need of ministerings from above to recompense the conflict through which a state of higher responsibility is attained.

PIETY PROMOTED BY THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

Marriage is an occasion on which none refuse to sympathize. Would that all were equally able and willing to understand! Would that all could know how, from the first flow of the affections till they are shed abroad in all their plenitude, the purposes of their creation become fulfilled. They were to life, like a sleeping ocean to a bright, but barren and silent shore. When the breeze from afar wakened it, new lights began to gleam, and echoes to be heard; rich and unthought of treasures were cast up from the depths; the barriers of individuality were broken down; and from henceforth, they who choose may 'hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.' Would that all could know how, by this mighty impulse, new strength is given to every power; how the intellect is vivified and enlarged; how the spirit becomes bold to explore the path of life, and clear-sighted to discern its issues. Higher, much higher things than these are done even in the early days of this second life, when it is referred to its Author, and held at his disposal. Its hopes and fears, some newly-created, some only magnified, are too tumultuous to be borne unaided. There is no rest for them but in praise or in resignation; and thus are they sanctified, and prayer invigorated. Thus does human love deepen the divine; thus does a new earthly tie knit closer that which connects us with heaven; thus does devotedness teach devotion. Never did man so cling to God for any thing which concerns himself, as for the sake of one he loves better than himself. Never is his trust so willing as on behalf of one whom he can protect to a certain extent, but no further. None can so distinctly trace the course of Providence as they who have been led to a point of union by different paths; and none are so ardent in their adoration as they who rejoice that that Providence has led them to each other. To none is life so rich as to those who gather its treasures only to shed them into each other's bosom; and to none is heaven so bright as to those who look for it beyond the blackness and tempest which overshadow one distant portion of their path. Thus does love help piety; and as for that other piety which has humanity for its object—must not that heart feel most of which tenderness has become the element? Must not the spirit which is most exercised in hope and fear be most familiar with hope and fear wherever found? How distinctly I saw all this in those who are now sanctifying their first sabbath of wedded love! Yet how few who smiled and wept at their union looked in it for all that might be found!—*Martineau's Sabbath Musings.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

We are apt to set an undue value on rare and brilliant gifts, and to fancy, because a man is eloquent and has a trick to charm the ear with the subtlety of his logic, or to stir the heart with impassioned words; or, because he possesses extraordinary skill in finance, that, therefore, the public welfare must needs flourish in his hands. These gifts have unquestionably great value and cannot be too thankfully acknowledged when they are found combined with moral qualities; but when divorced from moral qualities, they are mischievous just in proportion as they are powerful. Then they are cunning weapons in murderous hands. Trust the good man and not the great man, where you can have but one. Men talk of able politicians and call politics an intricate science, requiring great astuteness to guide their tangled course to happy issues. It is true, there are points of legislation which present difficulties to the understanding. Questions come up for debate, the whole bearing of which is not immediately apparent and which need to be carefully studied before they can be acted on with safety. Yet even then, if justice is the course by which legislators steer—and if it is not, then no good can possibly come of legislation—moral tact will go further than political tact; and sound sense and proper information being supposed, an honest intent is a better guide than vulpine cunning.

It is your intricate men that make politics intricate,—men who love circuitous methods and have two ways about them. Let it be understood that the policy of honest dealing is the true policy, in public matters, as well as in private; and that the question, what is politic? is always involved in the previous question, what is honest? and much of this intricacy will be done away. Have honest men, and you will have honest measures. Have honest measures, and you will have politic ones.—*Hedge.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN.

As to the sense of the precept, it is plainly this. Let all your discourses, conversations, writings, carry with them a portion of the light you have received. Let them be seasoned by the spirit, enlivened by the warmth, and brightened by the beams, of 'Christ who is your light.' Do not ostentatiously set off this light, but give it leave to sparkle, as through a heart of purest crystal in the eyes of all your acquaintances, that by it they may see what you are within, and comparing your outward actions or works, with the light or doctrine, that breaks forth with so much lustre from your well-instructed mind, may perceive a close conformity between them. The effect of this will be, that pleased with a heart so purified, so refined by the Spirit of God; and edified by a life so justly regulated according to his holy will, they must love you, adore your heavenly Father, who hath begotten you in his own likeness, and resolve to follow you, both in principle and practice, to that glorious sun, whose rays you drink in and transfuse into flowers of a ravishing scent and hue, and fruits of a most delicious taste, fruits from the tree of life.

HEAVEN.

'Little know we how little a way a soul hath to go to heaven, when it departs from the body. Whether it must pass locally through moon, and sun, and firmament, or whether that soul find new light in the same room, and be not carried into any other, but that the glory of heaven be diffused over all, I know not, I dispute not, I inquire not. Without disputiug or inquiring, I know, that when Christ says, That God is not the God of the dead, he says that to assure me, that those whom I call dead are alive. If the dead and we be not upon one floor, nor under one story, yet we are under one roof. We think not a friend lost, because he is gone into another land, and into another world no man is gone; for that heaven which God created, and this world, is all one world. If I had fixed a son in court, or married my daughter unto a plentiful fortune, I were satisfied for that son and daugther, shall I not be so, when the king of heaven hath taken that son to himself, and married himself to that daughter forever? This is the faith that sustains me, when I lose by the death of others, or suffer by living misery, that the dead and we are now all in one church, and at the resurrection shall all be in one choir.'—*Donne.*'

THE GREAT QUESTION.

The question, the momentous, the most interesting question between the believer and the unbeliever is, whether God has made special and supernatural communications of his wisdom and will to man, and whether the Bible contains those communications? To us, it appears of great consequence, that the controversy should be disembarrassed from all extraneous difficulties, and should be reduced to this simple point. We repeat it, therefore, that when prophet or apostle presents himself to us as a messenger from God, we receive him in the simple and actual character, which has been marked out in this discussion. We consider him as saying, 'I bear to you a message from God, to which I demand reverent heed; I give you, from divine inspiration, assurance of certain solemn and momentous truths; but I do not say that every word and phrase I use, every simile and allegory and consideration by which I endeavor to explain or enforce my message, is divine, any more than my countenance, speech, and action are divine. The distinction is easy, and you ought not to misapprehend it. I speak to you from God; but still I am a man. I speak after the manner of men, and for the peculiarities of my own manner, mind, country, and age, I do not presume to make the Universal and Eternal Wisdom answerable.' It is as when an earthly government sends its ambassador to a revolted province. The person invested with such a character has a two-fold office to discharge. He has to lay down propositions, to make offers of forgiveness and reconciliation. These are from the government. He has to explain and urge these propositions and offers, by such language, illustrations, and arguments as the exigency requires. These are from himself. 'It is thus,' might the ambassador of God say, 'it is thus that I address the children of men. My message is divine; my manner of delivering it is human.'

And albeit it were a man that spoke thus to us, and however it might be that he spoke after the manner of men, yet if he could say with a voice of authority and assurance, 'God is love; like as a father pitieth his children, so God pities you: he watches over you with a kind care; he offers you forgiveness, and redemption from sin; he opens to you the path of immortal life;'—if he could say these things, it would be a message which no words could adequately express. We should not say as the ancient skeptics did of Paul, 'His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible,' although he should offend our taste, or our prejudices, in every phrase or figure by which he communicated the glorious truth. We should rather, with the Galatians, 'receive him as an angel of God, and would kiss the hem of his garment though the storms of every sea, and the dust and stripes of every city had rent and soiled it. There *is* nothing on earth of privilege, distinction, or blessing, to compare with this simple faith. How many a stricken and sorrowing mind has been supported and soothed by that holy reliance. How many a bleeding heart has stanched its wounds in that healing fountain. How many a spirit, wearied with the vanities, or worn down with the cares of this world, has sought that blessed refuge. Nor is it trouble, or sorrow, or sickness, or be-

reavement only that has resorted here, and could go nowhere else; but the boundless, the every craving soul, that sighs for an immortal life and an infinite good, how often has it exclaimed, 'To whom shall I go?—Thou hast the words of everlasting life?' To tell us that all which we believe is nothing, because it does not come up to the demands of some technical creed, or for any other reason, seems to us an absurdity and madness of assertion, at which, instead of inveighing, we can only wonder.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1841.

REV. MR PARKER'S SERMON.

The Sermon, preached by Rev. Theodore Parker at the ordination of Mr Charles C. Shackford at South Boston on the 19th of May, was published on Saturday last. The impression made by its delivery will not be removed, the interest it has awakened, we might almost say, the excitement it has caused will not be much abated by its publication. We regret to learn, as we do from a prefatory note, that the Sermon has not been published just as it was preached without alteration or even correction. The author says he has 'changed nothing in the substance or doctrine' and has made the alterations 'only to set the doctrine in a clearer and stronger light,' that the alterations are merely verbal, the omission here and there of 'a few words which were only repetitions of former sentences,' and the addition of 'a few paragraphs, which, though written in the manuscript, were necessarily omitted in consequence of the length of the discourse.' We believe this to be strictly true. We do not perceive that a shadow of change has been made in the substance or doctrine of the discourse, or that the verbal alterations, though sometimes conveying, if our memory serve us right, a slightly different impression, are of the least importance. Still we regret that a single alteration was made. We think that Mr Parker owed it to himself and to the public, under the circumstances, to have the Sermon printed just as it was preached. He had better have subjected himself to the charges of tautology, bad rhetoric, and bad grammar, than have subjected himself to what some who did, and others who did not hear it, may suspect or insinuate in respect to alterations which he confesses to have made. He had better have been able to say distinctly and unequivocally, 'There is the Sermon, good or bad, Christian or infidel, true or false there it is word for word as I preached it.'

Such a Sermon, a Sermon in such direct opposition to some of the strongly established and most cherished sentiments of the mass of the community, ought never to have been preached, if it were a hasty and off-hand production, not written with sufficient care to be fit to print, and requiring alterations to set forth its doctrine in a clearer and stronger light. This is the first great objection we have to make to Mr Parker's Sermon. We felt it at the time it was preached; we feel it still more on reading it. It was not appropriate to the occasion. Some of the thoughts and principles, contained in this Sermon, if put forth at all, should never have been put forth in an associated service, where a man was acting with others, and to some extent for others. They should have been put forth when a man was acting, writing or speaking for himself and himself only. We do not hold ourselves in the slightest degree responsible for Mr Parker's Sermon. We deny that we can be held so responsible. But we regret that we were associated with him in a service and on an occasion in which, while he uttered many good things and many beautiful things, that came home to our hearts, he also uttered many others that grossly outraged our feelings, or if he chooses to call them so, our prejudices. If he wished to utter such sentiments, we wish he had, and we think he ought to have taken some other occasion, and whenever proclaimed, it should have been, it seems to us, with more of analysis and argument, with more of calm and candid discussion, and with less of sneer and ridicule, of unqualified and unsupported assertion. And where a man, whose position and office constitute him a guide and teacher of others, thus throws out, on the most momentous themes that can occupy human thought and investigation, what will be generally regarded as unsound and extravagant opinions, subversive of the foundations on which rests the religious faith of the community, and throws them out in a crude and unfinished form, with little or nothing of the arguments by which his own mind has been led to adopt them, he must not be surprised, (as Mr Parker professes not to be) that he is looked upon with something of distrust and even unfriendliness by those, whose cherished opinions and hopes he has attacked.

We wish not to be misunderstood in these remarks. We are no enemies to the freest discussion, the fullest investigation. We are willing that all our opinions, that the faith which we profess and to which we cling, should abide the result of such discussion and investigation. We would have every man be honest also. We are no friends to concealment, much less to hypocrisy of any kind. Nor do we approve of thinking one thing in the closet and preaching another in the pulpit. We do not believe any man consents to do this, though Mr Parker seems to insinuate that it is, or may be the case.. Because a man preaches an old-fashioned Christianity, a Christianity which rests upon the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament records, and the authority of Jesus Christ as the mediator between God and man, we should be loth to write him down a hypocrite. We would have every man be honest. We would have every man speak out his mind, or, as the phrase is, 'utter his word.' But we would have him first fully understand what his word is, and secondly whether it is true and important to be uttered. We see no reason why honesty should be deserted of modesty, prudence, and a wise discretion. We see no reason why a man should assume that he has necessarily made progress and gained new and better views, merely because he has wandered out of the circle of time-honored opinions, or imagine that he has entered and is pressing onward in new and untrodden fields of thought, when he has only strayed into paths, which, centuries before, had been discovered and proved to be those of error and folly. If a man's opinions are likely to awaken prejudice and excite opposition, if he has arrived at conclusions strikingly at variance with those of the great majority, learned and unlearned, around him, we say not he must never utter or proclaim those opinions,—far from us be such a thought, but we say, whatever be the subject to which they relate, and especially if it be the subject of religion, he is bound to be doubly cautious and prudent, to review his opinions and the grounds of them again and again in his own mind before he proclaims them, to wait till he is fully satisfied after repeated and long continued investigation and the calm consideration of all their bearings, that his results are true and that they are important, and then if he proclaim them, proclaim them not crudely, and by piecemeal, with insinuations, but freely and clearly, with all the arguments and reasoning that have led him to adopt them. In this way only, can he meet and acquit himself, of what many at the present day seem to forget and overlook, the responsibility that attaches to the publication of opinions, especially if they be new and strange. Mr Parker has not done this in the discourse before us. He has attacked the foundations upon which rest the Christian faith of the community, and done it in a hasty and incomplete manner, thereby feeding the minds of the skeptical, and wounding the feelings without doing much to enlighten the judgment or the reason of those who believe. He has presented, with but little but his own assertion to sustain them, thoughts and principles, which are not to be treated of and despatched in a single discourse; they require volumes to discuss them freely and justly. We think he has done wrong in this.

We have extended these remarks so far, that we have not room to give an analysis of the sermon, or to express all we wish to say on some of the most objectionable parts of it. We shall probably recur to the subject in some future papers.

We will only add briefly now, that we understand Mr Parker to deny not simply the inspiration of the writings of the Bible, but of the writers; to maintain that Christ and the apostles were inspired in no supernatural way, but only as we all may be 'if we will pay the price;' to deny the divine authority of Jesus Christ and the Christian Scriptures, to imply that in writing the latter, the apostles may have confounded the actual with the imaginary and that their fancy may have stood in the place of their recollection. He refuses to acknowledge the Son of God as 'Master,' in religion; he would believe what Christ taught simply because it is true, and not on any evidence of its truth Christ may have given, and say it is true, like the axioms of geometry, because it is true. We object to these views; we contend that they are absolutely subversive of Christianity as a divine revelation and of all faith in it as a revelation, in the true meaning of that word; and if we held them ourselves we should not claim to be called Christians, nor consent to exercise the functions of a Christian Minister.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Rev Mr Hill, of Worcester, rose to move the acceptance of the report, and said:

Mr President, I was much impressed by the remarks which have just fallen from the chair, for they fully accord with a train of thought that was just passing through my own mind. This morning, Sir, I read a paragraph in one of the daily journals headed with these words—'Increase of crime,' and one can scarcely take up a newspaper without reading on almost every column the record of a new form of crime and wo. It is not crime now of which there is complaint, dressed in rags, to be hunted in narrow lanes and to be found in the wretched hovels of your city, but crime perpetrated by men of intelligence, who were but just now respected and honored, occupying places of influence and trust. There is an unexampled devotion to gain and a recklessness of the means by which it is acquired. An English traveller has said that 'he had never been among a people with whom prevailed as there do here the active undisguised principles of selfishness, that they have grown into maxims, and influence the conduct day by day.' Whether this remark be founded in fact or not, certain it is, our people to an unexampled degree are devoted to the outward and perishable. Our freedom and the vast field for exertion around us have given a new activity to the spirit of enterprise, and there are unfavorable tendencies, the danger of an all-absorbing worldliness. And are we without some outward manifestations of the reality of this spirit, the existence of these apprehended efforts? Allusion has been made to a great and growing irreverence for things sacred and venerable. The value of institutions has been called in question which have hitherto been regarded inviolable, rites and ordinances are falling into disuse once deemed necessary aids to a higher religious advance, and a respect for the laws, the magistracy, and the ministry has evidently declined. Allusion has been made to these and it has been said we have nothing to fear. But, sir, when I remember how much the character and conduct of a people depend upon their sentiments, I am not without my apprehensions. You have not forgotten the striking fact related in Roman history, that when the northern barbarian sentered the queenly city in triumph, flushed with victory, they were ready for rapine and plunder, but as they passed along the broad avenues formed by magnificent porticos, decorated with gold and purple and ornamented with statues of exquisite workmanship, they saw on either side sitting in ivory chairs immovable as marble, the venerable forms of heroes and magistrates, and this simple people taught in their native forests to reverence the aged, paused with respect, and their hand was stayed from violence. But the moment this feeling began to subside and acts of rudeness were perpetrated, then the work of destruction commenced which was not terminated until the ruin of the city was complete. Sir, I fear this spirit of irreverence. I see in it much to awaken our serious apprehensions. We must find for it a remedy or a retribution will overtake us heavier than ever fell on any people. And what is this remedy? What is the principle with which the wants of the times must be met and controlled?

I answer, the religious principle, the truth in love, the power of gentleness and kindness, which is the leading principle of Unitarian Christianity, for the defence of which, we are associated. Is there a mightier energy than is found in this? Old John Elliot used to say that 'with prayer and love a man may do any thing.' And his life was one bright exemplification of the principle. With this alone he went out into yonder forest, and committed himself to wild untutored savages. Not a tomahawk was raised against him, not an injury was inflicted on him. They were as clay in his hands and were moulded at his will. And what is it that is giving the cause of temperance at this time its astonishing triumphs? Its leading advocates evince no uncommon talents. They make no display of learning. They have no remarkable powers of original eloquence. Yet enter the mighty assemblies which they call together, and the congregation seem as under a spell. Hearts hardened by long indulgence are melted, countenances swollen by long habits of intemperance are bathed in tears, and a conquering energy is at once imparted to the feeble and fitful resolution. And why is this and whence does it come? It is because the truth learned by long and bitter experience is uttered in love, out of a profound respect for human nature, and sympathy for those who have so terribly abused it, because of the might of those very principles for which we are contending.

But, Sir, I have been anticipated by the Chair in so many of the remarks I intended to make, that I shall be very brief, and have only to say as another inducement to renewed effort, that those generous views of truth to promote which we are associated have power to soothe as well as excite. We live in times when the sustaining power of religion is peculiarly needed. It is a period of great social and domestic changes. Events have occurred that have touched nearly many bosoms. There have been reverses of fortune and the blighting of earthly hopes. All over the land the hard earnings of years have been swept away and families without number have been reduced from affluence to want, and there have been sorrows which the heart only knoweth and with which the stranger cannot intermeddle. There have been disasters by sea and by land and sudden and wide-spread bereavements. Sir, need I speak here of the soul's necessities and wants? This morning I stood in a country grave yard. There was a glory in the scene around me. There was not a cloud in the sky. The surrounding orchards were putting forth in beauty and were vocal with the songs of joy, and how could the human heart fail to sympathize with the general gladness? At that early hour there was a mother watering a rosebush that shaded the grave of her child, a fair girl of fourteen. Years had passed since her death. Seasons had come and gone and the world had been lavish in its favors, but the rooted sorrows remained in the heart, its griefs were still fresh, and no earthly power can remove them. Tender recollections spring up anew and at the sight of the grave the fountain of tears flows again. And what is there to meet such wants as these, soothe these sorrows and heal these wounds? My brethren know that there is nothing but our common Christianity simply and faithfully admistered and heartily received; Christianity in its common truths, stripped of all sectarian peculiarities and all narrowness. How often have we seen it meeting the sorest troubles of humanity, lighting with a smile the sorrow stricken countenance, bringing peace to the agitated bosom. But the other day a worthy lady whose home is in the far West, came among us. She lived in the midst of a Christian community, Churches were all around her, but afflicted beyond the ordinary lot, she sought and found the comforts of our religion, but she could obtain no admission to the table of our Lord, she could obtain no one who would baptize her children. Here among ourselves she found a welcome, and when I saw her religious sensibility and heard her expressions of gratitude, I thanked God for the free and generous spirit of religion which we are permitted to cherish. Sir, I have again and again, as I have no doubt my brethren have been called to the bedside of members of other congregations and Churches to administer to them the consolations of religion in the hour of sickness and death. I have always found them relying, not on the peculiarity of the faith but on the common truths. I was sent for by an interesting young man who was wasting away by a slow consumption. His mind was clear and strong, his religious sensibilities were tender, his affections were deep and generous. He wished me to attend him during his sickness. And why, I asked, did you at such a time, send for an Unitarian minister? 'Sir' said he, 'the realities of life are now before me. The peculiar doctrines of my sect seem to me of less and less value. With the solemnities of death in view I find myself sympathizing more with you than with those with whom I have worshipped. Come to me while I live.' And so he wasted away. His trust in the simple truth was firm, and at last he went to his rest, as gently and sweetly as a child sinking into its slumbers.

Mr President, I move the acceptance of the report.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Lecture on the social influence of Trade and the dangers and duties of the Mercantile classes, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore, March 9, 1841—by George W. Burnap. First published by request in the Mercantile Magazine.

There are many judicious and sensible remarks in this Lecture, well adapted to the audience, at whose request it was delivered, and deserving the attention of those, who would consider aright the duties and the dangers of a highly responsible calling. It can never be without use to exhibit, as this writer has done, the importance and the temptations of the commercial profession, especially in this enterprising and gain-loving community.

Mr Burnap, having spoken of the position of the merchant in society, and of the functions he performs in the great machinery in human affairs, remarks—and we are happy in quoting his words,

> There is a delusion with regard to trade into which the unreflecting are too apt to fall—that of supposing it can be increased to any extent by more people going into it. It is not like agriculture in this respect. Agriculture is a real production of the necessaries of life. Every new acre brought under cultivation increases the means of subsistence to the human family. There is no danger of over-production; for agricultural products are not only the primary and universal means of sustaining human life, but they are the basis of all other employments and professions. As they expand, other things will naturally keep pace. But a small country-town can expend no more than they earn; and if a reasonable profit on their consumption will sustain but one trader, two would not increase the business, but only divide it, and probably ruin both. Just so of a city or a nation.
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> This excessive competition becomes a snare to mercantile life, for it is too apt to induce unfair means to get and retain customers, either by giving unreasonable credits, or adopting a ruinously small rate of profits. It is this excessive competition, and the practices to which it has led, which has given rise to a saying which I often hear, but never without the warmest indignation, that it is impossible for a merchant to be an honest man. If this be the fact, all I have to say is, let the profession perish from among men. Such an anomaly was never intended to exist in the creation of God. If this be a fact, let cities be swallowed up, and commerce be buried in the bosom of the ocean. Let mankind return to barbarism, if they cannot innocently live in society. But it is not a fact. One moral law runs through the universe, and is supreme in the human soul—the law of morality, the law of truth, honor, and integrity. It equally pervades and governs every profession and occupation in life. No man ever derived any solid advantage from violating one iota of it. It leads to ruin ten times where it procures even a temporary benefit.
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> The first great temptation to which the young merchant is exposed is that of going into business without sufficient knowledge, without sufficient capital, without sufficient business prospects. To the young man impatient to establish himself in life, this may seem a hard saying, and a discouraging sentiment. But it is a view of things which it is necessary for him to take for his own good. For although it may seem a great evil for a young man to see the best years of life passing away while he is accomplishing nothing of those vast schemes with which the youthful mind is ever teeming, there are far worse evils than this on the other side of the alternative. It may seem hard to be doing nothing, but it is still worse to be laboring to no purpose, to embark in a project which is desperate from the beginning, every movement of which is pain and difficulty, and the issue always involved in the shadows of doubt, sometimes in the blackness of darkness. The anxieties of business are sufficiently great under all circumstances, its perpetual risks are enough to disquiet life under the most favorable conditions. But when to this are added the troubles which spring from insufficient means, want of skill and mistaken enterprises, there is scarcely any situation more undesirable.

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An Address in commemoration of the death of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States delivered before the City Council and citizens of Providence, on the National Fast, May 14, 1841. By William G. Goddard. Providence, 1841.

This excellent Address, which we have read with great pleasure, closes with the following passage. Well will it be with the country, so long as such sentiments are uttered in sincerity by its popular orators, and receive from the heart of the great mass of the people an assenting response.

> My fellow citizens, the man for whom we are now in heaviness, and whose fame we are about to commit to the judgment of history, assured that from the judgment of history he has nothing to fear, has expressed, as in the presence of this whole people, his profound reverence for the Christian religion, and his thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness. In the proud days of Gentile philosophy, a famous historian stigmatized Christianity, in accommodation to the prevailing sentiment, as 'a pernicious superstition.' Not two thousand years have passed away, and what a change in the moral condition of society hath been wrought! Christianity has become the religion of every portion of the earth redeemed from barbarism—the parent of a new and higher form of civilization—elevating, every where, the masses, and, through the agency of the masses, pervading the character of all existing institutions. This great principle of social progress is destined to achieve yet nobler triumphs—to diffuse, through all civilized lands, yet sublimer conceptions of truth and of duty—to endow with moral life the races which for ages have slumbered in darkness. In this country, more especially, is Christianity to be prized as an essential element of strength, and happiness, and safety. We need the hopes which it inspires; but, most of all, do we need the motives which it implants, and the restraints which it provides. Here, all power resides exclusively in the people; and our government supposes that the most efficient checks, the only genuine conservative influences, are the good sense of a cultivated, moral, and religious people. Let us, then, be true to ourselves. Let us take good heed that our liberty does not degenerate into license; that our passions do not drown the voice of our reason; that impracticable theories do not mislead us; that inordinate vanity and reckless self-confidence do not betray us to our ruin.
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> In elections to office, let us turn away from the demagogues who meanly seek our confidence, to the men who are too honest to flatter us, and too patriotic not to prefer our interests to our favor. Above all, let us remember that, unless the spirit of the people be right, legal codes are nothing—protective charters are nothing—constitutions, whether written or unwritten, are nothing—and that our popular institutions cannot be upheld, without impressing on the popular mind a conviction of the indissoluble union between Religion, Liberty, and Law.

Spiritual Culture, or Thoughts for the Consideration of Parents and Teachers. Boston: Joseph Dowe, 22 Court Street. 1841.

This is a reprint of a little work published in London, with the addition of a short Essay on the Doctrine and Discipline of Human Culture which has also appeared in print. Its object as expressed in the advertisement to the American Edition, is certainly of the utmost importance, 'the improvement of *home education*, the elevation of thought at our own firesides. Until this is effected a deadly indifference will continue to chill every effort to extend education, and a cold contempt will still wither the aspirations of those who would cheerfully devote themselves to the important duties of the school.' That the work before us will be of service in promoting this great object we cannot doubt. It breathes a pure, elevated, religious spirit, and has many things in it to touch the heart and quicken the conscience of a parent. It is not without fault however. The peculiar phraseology in which some of the maxims are conveyed, must often, to the common reader, obscure if not completely conceal the thought. This is explained and apologized for in the preface to the London Edition. 'The hackneyed phraseology in which important things are often put, is found by general readers to be so familiar as almost to be void of meaning. I have therefore not confined myself to the common mode of expression, but have used such as appear to me calculated to awaken internal consciousness, which generates thought and corresponding energies.' That language should 'be void of meaning' because it is 'familiar' seems to us not very good logic, and we cannot but think that so far as there is any meaning in some of the maxims, it would have had more effect, had it been more simply and intelligibly expressed.

There are some of the maxims also which seem to us false and unsound in principle, but we have not room to insert them. The book however has much truth in it, abounds with excellent hints and suggestions, and used with discrimination and caution, cannot fail to aid and encourage any parent.

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A Sermon preached in the Unitarian Church, in Savannah, on the occasion of the death of Mr Thomas S. Shapter, April 18th, 1841. By Henry F. Harrington, Pastor of the Church. 1841.

This discourse, good in spirit and eloquent in expression, was delivered on an occasion of peculiar interest. Our brethren at Savannah were mourning the departure of several who had been dear to them, and orthodoxy was busy in circulating false reports respecting one of the deceased, injurious to the interests of Unitarian Christianity. To the former topic the preacher refers in these words:

> 'It is painful to us—far beyond the usual infliction of the mandate of death—to look upon the vacant place of one, who, by that inexorable mandate, has been summoned away forever; and there is poignant regret, beyond the pale of the mourning family circle and of immediate friendship, at the surrender of even a little child—a lamb of our little fold. And since last we were assembled in the sanctuary, the mortal remains of a brother in faith have been deposited in the silent tomb, and your eyes have not yet forgot to weep for a tender nursling that hath but now been transplanted from earth to heaven. Nor are these the only lessons of this solemn nature, that the week that has gone has been teaching to our souls. The impressive word has reached us, in its course, that the venerable servant* of God, who was instrumental in gathering this church of Christ, and who, in former years, was accustomed to dispense to you the word of life, has been summoned to render an account of his stewardship to his Heavenly Master—has been blessed with a joyful release from the aggravated pains, that for many weary years, have borne heavily upon his Christian fortitude, and is reaping the precious reward of unwavering constancy, in the blissful presence of his God and his Redeemer. Singularly touching are the solemn tones of this triple warning; for, lo! decay hath been dealing with the ripeness of years, with the vigor of manhood in its prime, and with the gentle innocence of childhood. To silverhaired and bending age, and to glowing youth, it speaks! May we turn to it an attentive ear; and may it penetrate into the depths of our souls, as earnestly it uttereth, '*What is your life? It is even a vapor—that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away!*'
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> But it is ours, devoutly and thankfully to bless our Heavenly Father, that we can think with complacency of these new made graves—that a deep and fervid solace is vouchsafed to the mourner, devoid of which, the stroke of the destroyer is a scourge indeed! We can turn our saddening contemplations from the buried dust of the departed, and feel, that could we pierce the realms of eternity with mortal vision, we should behold their spirits in the blissful mansions of the blest! Our hearts do bleed for the afflicted parents, into whose household death hath, for the first time, so affectingly stolen, and our most fervent prayers are lifted to the throne of Grace, for those sufficient consolations which he that sitteth there, alone can impart; but oh! for the sake of that precious child alone, we could not wish it back upon earth again—we would not beckon it from the Savior's bosom, where we have the conviction fervent as the very faith that animates us, that it is resting now, to encounter the trials, anxieties and misfortunes that must have chequered a longer existence on earth, and filled its eyes with more bitter tears than have ever flowed for its infantine vexations. The venerable servant of the Savior who hath gone, offered up the willing sacrifice of a purified spirit; exulting in the animating fervor of Faith and Hope; and it is my lot to bear immediate testimony to the chastened piety of the lamented brother who hath departed from our midst. His death-bed exhibited the perfected fruits of a long season of self-examination and conviction; and conscious of, and deeply penitent for his transgressions,—relying on the pardoning mercy of his maker through Jesus Christ, his last effort of delighted attention was directed to the reading of the Scriptures, and almost the final utterance of his lips was a fervent prayer!'
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> As regards the other topic of painful consideration to our brethren, it appears that Mr Shapter, on occasion of whose death the sermon before us was preached, had formerly been an Episcopalian; but of late was in the habit of attending the Unitarian Church. At his request Mr Harrington visited him during his sickness, and administered to him the consolation of our holy faith, with which the dying man declared himself perfectly satisfied. After his decease, his orthodox friends not only excluded the Unitarian clergyman from a participation in the funeral services, but occasioned the impression that the departed closed this life in the Episcopal belief, which gave rise to the remarks, 'Well, these Unitarians always leave the world Trinitarians;' 'Unitarianism will do to live by, but not to die by.' We quote two or three brief passages, in which the preacher alludes to these circumstances:
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> 'Surprising and mournful as the truth may be, it is too often brought home to our minds in all the bitterness of experience, that in the community in which we dwell, the pitiable slander that 'Unitarianism will do to live by, but not to die by,' is not a worn out, a lifeless adage, the offspring of an expiring intolerance, but is a living and a believed reproach—industriously circulated to poison against us the ears of the ignorant and unthinking. Such alone can it possess the power to poison; for it can be entertained, for a moment only where Unitarianism is vitally misunderstood. It is predicated upon the assumption, that our Faith, because it would ameliorate the exactions of unscriptural doctrines, would smother also the fires of repentance, dampen the fervor of piety, wither the beauty of holiness, and fashion for its disciples, a less thorny path to heaven. If there be any deceiver, who, under the delusion of such a thought, would shelter his unworthiness beneath the ægis of Unitarianism, let him beware! *His* faith, indeed, will exhibit itself to be but a brittle staff, when most he will be craving, in the spirit's agony, for support. I call you all to witness that such Unitarianism is no legitimate offspring of the parent stock. I call you all to witness, that the most intolerant opponent of *truthful* Unitarianism, cannot present a scale of more rigid spiritual exactions than that Unitarianism itself demands. But more precious, abundantly more precious, than a thousand mingled voices of disclaimer, are the triumphant tones that swell forth from the deathbeds of the just—whose anxious spirits have not faltered, when, in the prospect of speedy dissolution, they have lifted up the Unitarian's prayer to God the Father, in the name of Jesus Christ his Son, and in the supporting ferv[or] Unitarian's Faith, have besought his pardoning mer[cy]
>
> 'I had no acquaintance with our departed brother til I stood beside his dying bed; for, although he was a pew-holder in our Church, I felt a degree of delicacy about approaching him voluntarily, since I had been informed of the peculiar circumstances that attended his secession from the church in whose creed and ritual he had been educated, and I was not assured of his perfect sympathy with us. Yet, at various times, when his name was mentioned, and apprehensions expressed of his brief continuance among us, I expressed a readiness to wait upon him, could I but be satisfied that it would be agreeable to him, that I should do so. And it was in consequence of a direct request from himself, appointing a stated hour for my visit, coupled with the remark that he desired to ask me two or three questions, that I entered his chamber. In the first interview he said to me in substance; "I have sent for you, sir, to satisfy my mind upon one or two points. Perhaps you know that, although I have long attended the Unitarian Church, I have not openly proclaimed myself a Unitarian. But I have been entertaining Unitarian views even longer than I have been willing to confess it, even to myself. For my pride was in the way. You know in what a light Unitarianism is regarded here, and I was brought up in the Episcopal Faith, my pride would not let me come out openly." Sad commentary this, on the feeling of the community around us!—"But," he continued, "since I have been lying here, I have reflected upon the whole matter; and since pride has no more to do with me, I am ready to express my perfect satisfaction of mind in respect to the unity of God and the leading points of Unitarianism." He then suggested one or two uncertainties that perplexed him, and that needed a brief discussion only, to be dispelled forever, after which he devoted himself to the purification of his spirit. By his own desire, I statedly visited him; and it was my fortune to witness his latest sigh, and to bear my testimony to that sufficient faith, which was fully established in his soul, only after the things of earth had been excluded from his sense forever, and which winged his latest—his dying prayer to his Heavenly Father.'
>
> 'My Christian Friends,—It may be a slight thing in those advanced and happy communities, where diversities of Faith do not involve anathema and discord, where man's condemnation of his fellow for those diversities, does not follow him beyond the grave, usurp the judgment seat of the Almighty, and prophetically proclaim his everlasting doom, and where the ambassadors of the peace bearing Savior, the ministers of the Gospel of love, albeit they draw not the same gushing waters from the hallowed fount of Truth, do yet regard each other with an affectionate sympathy, as honest and truth loving co-workers in the same vineyard, it may seem a slight thing *there*, that the faith of the departed should be disregarded, and a clergyman of other views be summoned to officiate at his burial. But among us, alas! among us, where the prayerful convictions of the heart are not shielded against the assaults of a virulent prejudice; where the pulpit proclaims that there must be *guilt* in the denial of the Savior's Deity,† now that the Unitarian '*is false to his reason, and false to his conscience*'‡ and too often the doors of his church are designated as the abhorrent avenues to destruction; and where the clergyman of the Unitarian faith is refused all sympathy by his ministerial brethren, even so far as to be denied the ordinary courtesies of society; among us, alas! such an event is the fruitful source of harrowing emotions. We cannot but feel as though the very coffin and the shroud were no protection against intolerant persecution, and our minds look mournfully forward to the period of our own decease; when the force of uncontrolable circumstances may afford an opportunity to thoughtlessness or willfulness to cast reproach upon the faith in which we have delighted to worship our God, and which is inestimably precious to our souls; and upon our names and our memories, as well, the only relics of ourselves that we can leave behind us.'
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> * Rev. Mr Bascom, deceased at Fitzwilliam, N. H.
> † Rev. Mr Cairns. ‡ Rev. Mr Fuller.

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A Discourse, delivered before a portion of the Volunteer Companies of Washington and Georgetown, in the Unitarian Church, on Friday, May 14, the day of National Humiliation and Prayer, on occasion of the death of President Harrison. By S. G. Bulfinch. Washington: 1841.

This discourse, from which we select some brief extracts, was delivered by Mr Bulfinch before the Military Associations of Georgetown and of Washington, in the Unitarian Church of which he is the Pastor, on occasion of the death of President Harrison. We have already gathered largely from the many excellent productions, which that national event called forth; and we are happy in adding this to the goodly number. The design of the Sermon is not to exhibit the character of the individual but to enforce the monitions, which his departure was designed to impress. This is done wisely as well as earnestly; with good judgment and Christian fidelity. But as President Harrison had become a citizen of Washington, the neighbor as well as governor of its people, Mr Bulfinch adverts with a graceful felicity to this peculiar relation.

> 'Fellow citizens—fellow Christians—whatever may be done elsewhere, let us not be wanting in our response to the call which God in his providence makes upon us. To us especially, it seems to be directed. The blow which has deprived the Nation of its head, has taken from us the immediate Governor of our Territory, the constituted guardian of our local interests. But to us, President Harrison was more. He had avowed himself our friend, in terms of uncommon distinctness and energy, in his Inaugural Address. He had ceased to be a stranger among us. His venerable form has been seen in our streets; in the mansions of our citizens he had been an honored guest; in our houses of prayer his devotions had mingled with those of our brethren, and before this, had his life been spared, he would have joined the company of our fellow Christians around the table of the Lord. We then, of this District—of this City—should feel his death in a peculiar manner. We, above all others, should take to heart the lessons that his death conveys. Thus shall we honor him best, thus shall we best fulfil his wishes; for in death, as in life, the good of his country was uppermost in his thoughts.
>
> Fellow citizens—members of our military associations—you have assembled, without your accustomed arms, with no sound of inspiring music, but with the badge of mourning, to do honor to the memory of him, whom a short time since you escorted, with thousands of others, in a loftier triumph than ever imperial Rome gave to a conquering dictator—a loftier triumph, because accorded by millions of freemen as the reward of exalted virtue and pure patriotism. Fellow citizens, be true to the memory of the chief you revere. The signs of the times are dark, and though light now seems breaking through the cloud, yet it must still be regarded as a possible thing, that they who now raise the banner of their country may be called to guard it in the field. Remember then, to unite, like Harrison, courage with compassion. Realize the beauty of the character justly ascribed to him by one of our most gifted poets:
>
> 'Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade,
> In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade.
> 'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
> It was stayed with sweet mercy when 'glory' was all!
> As calm in the council as gallant in war,
> He fought for his country, and not its 'hurrah!'
> In the path of the hero with pity he trod;
> Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!'
>
> No! to that awful presence, the warrior bears not his sword, nor the statesman the ensigns of his power; but the character which has been here displayed, accompanies the disembodied spirit; and well do we trust that our departed chief has met the fulfilment of the promise, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

And the preacher concludes with the following earnest address:

> 'Fellow citizens—all who hear me—I have said that our country needs a revival of pure morality, a united effort to establish a higher standard of virtue than has been recognised among us. But in vain will that effort

be made, unless the sanction of religion be given to the undertaking. 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' In religion alone can be found those exalted motives, in the favor of God alone that powerful aid, which we must have to ensure us success in the work of our own improvement. Not in our own strength, then, but with humble reliance on the Lord our God, be the work commenced. Around the tomb of our departed President, and in the sight of that God who hath sent this affliction as a chastisement of love for the good of his children, let us pledge ourselves to be faithful to patriotism, virtue and religion; and by our own example, and by all the influence we can exert over others, to elevate the standard of feeling and of conduct in our beloved country. So shall the blessing of the Lord our God be upon us, and while as individuals, we realize that peace which the world cannot give, our children in future ages, as they read with deep interest of our Harrison's virtues, his elevation, and his sudden death, shall date from these events, an era of true glory in the history of the United States.'

A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

. Editors,—The question has frequently asked of late, 'What constitutes a minister? The question is an important one, and should be answered, as it seems to me, not only by ministers themselves, but by laymen also. There is a difficulty and a delicacy in answering the question, on the part of clergymen, inasmuch as they are so closely associated with one another and bound by ties alike personal, collegiate and ministerial, which it must be painful in a high degree to sever by acts that may seem harsh, intolerant, or uncharitable. This is natural. But it should not, and we trust will not, deter them, at a proper time, from fixing the limit, beyond which, if any pass, it must necessarily take from them the character of Christian ministers. The same difficulty does not exist with laymen. They stand, as it were, disconnected from the clergy in regard to those personal relations which otherwise might operate as a restraint on the free expression of their opinion. As one of this class, it is my purpose, in a few words to define the elementary principles of belief, necessary to constitute a Christian minister, that those who do not come within the category may understand the light in which they are regarded by their more humble, but observing lay-brethren.

A Christian minister, then, to be entitled to the name and office, must, first, be a believer in Christ; in the second place, a disciple of Christ; and in the third place, a teacher of Christianity. But what is it to believe in Christ? Is it merely to believe, that eighteen hundred years ago there lived such an individual in Judea, as Jesus of Nazareth; who was a good man, and taught morals, and was willing to make sacrifices even of his life, in order to extend a knowledge of his opinions, doctrines and truths? I answer, no. To believe in Christ, is to believe what he professed and asserted himself to be,—a teacher 'sent from God;' and that he 'whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God.' He must believe 'that beginning at Moses and all the prophets he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.' In other words, as the Apostle Peter expresses it, he must believe, 'that prophecy came not in old time by will of man; but holy men of God, spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' He therefore, who denies the inspiration of those who wrote the Holy Scriptures, can in no well-accepted sense of the word, be a believer in Jesus Christ as a teacher sent from God; and consequently fails in one of the most important elements of a Christian minister.

In the second place, he must be a disciple of Christ. But in order to enjoy this enviable distinction, it is not enough to say, that Jesus by his teachings has revived or republished some old, or some self-evident truths. He must sit at the feet of Jesus; for to be a true disciple of any master, that teacher must be regarded by the pupil, as a superior. He must feel and acknowledge his doctrines and principles to be true. He must receive them with simplicity and humility. It will not answer for the disciple to be as wise, or possibly wiser, than his master, or that his own instructions or the instructions of others fallible like him, are equally true and inspired as those of this Divine Teacher. He may even then, indeed, be a sincere and true man in many important respects for all that is known to the contrary, but he cannot be considered a disciple of Jesus Christ. The sentiments of Plato or Socrates may be adopted by him as more ancient or as true; and this may entitle him to be called after their names; but in that case, he cannot be regarded as the disciple of the Great Teacher or as a minister of Jesus Christ.

In the third place, he must be a teacher of Christianity. A denial of the inspiration, in a super-natural sense, of the authors of the Bible, always caused the individual, making the denial, to be classed with skeptics and deists, however moral his life or instructive his teachings or system of philosophy. A denial of Jesus, the messiah foretold by the prophets, illuminated in an especial manner from on high, has been considered by all laymen as allying even those out of the pulpit, with those who had denied the Faith. And it necessarily follows, that he who has virtually denied these fundamental principles, even though admitted to the pulpit, cannot in any true sense be a preacher of Christ or Christianity. A person making these denials may be a good lecturer, a splendid writer, an eloquent speaker, and consequently received as a teacher, by those who like his system or manner,—but he cannot be considered as a teacher of Christianity. He has repudiated the authority upon which is based his commission. He has denied the Master, whose disciple he had professed to be.. He has set up a new idol in his own mind, as the object of his worship, or as the oracle of instruction. He esteems the mind of any good man to be as true and as much inspired; as capable of uttering divine truths, as worthy or more so of his reception as those of him whose name he has assumed or bears. He teaches that there are names under Heaven by which men can be saved other than the name of Jesus, and that Christianity, irrespective of the individual who gave it the name, would have been in the world if Christ had never lived or taught or suffered. Can such an one be a teacher of Christianity? Can he be entitled to the appellation of a Christian minister?

It is among my dearest convictions, that the human mind is, and should be left wholly free. Let each speculate for himself under a proper sense of his responsibility, to the utmost limits of the powers which God has given him. But the consequences of such freedom, must be visited upon each individual according to the extent to which it shall be suffered to proceed. If it leads to the adoption of the five points of Calvinism, he must be classed, as a necessary consequence, with those who bear that name, and visited with the honor or the reproach which such a classification consequently brings along with it. If it leads him to the rejection of the Holy Scriptures as containing a Divine Revelation, he must be classed, as a necessary consequence, with skeptics and unbelievers. If it leads him to deny the authority of Jesus as a Divine Teacher, the consequence must follow, that whatever else he may be, he cannot in any proper sense, be regarded as a Christian, or if a clergyman, a *Christian* Minister.

A LAYMAN.

[From the Boston Courier.]

To the Rev J. H. Fairchild.

Circumstances which I need not detail, prevented my reading the letter signed by yourself and two other clergymen of South Boston, and recently published in the Christian Watchman, till I met with it in the Boston semi-weekly Courier of the 14th inst. Otherwise I should have earlier made this communication. With the objections you make to Mr Parker's sermon, and the synopsis you have given of it, I have nothing to do. I should probably object as strongly as yourself to some of the principles and assertions contained in the sermon, and as the discourse itself is soon to be published, entire and just as it was preached, the public and yourself will be able to judge how far you have been just, accurate, and candid, in the account you have given of it.

As you have proposed a question to the members of the council assembled at the ordination at South Boston, I presume if that is answered, you will have no objection to answer in return, any question which a member of the council may propose to you. You ask, 'whether the clergymen who composed that council sanction the sentiments of the preacher, or acknowledge him as a Christian minister?' I answer, that no Unitarian clergyman feels himself responsible for his brethren, or authorized to speak for them. We recognize no creed, covenant, or union of any kind, that interferes with individual liberty and independence. I cannot answer, therefore, for all the members of the council, and I can only speak for myself. And for myself, I am free to say, that I do not approve of some of the sentiments advanced by Mr Parker. I most seriously and solemnly protest against them. They seem to me to undermine the very foundation of all Christian faith, and to be at variance with Christian truth; as much so in my judgment as some of the sentiments and doctrines you yourself entertain and preach. I am free to answer further, that if I entertained some of the opinions which I understood Mr Parker to present, (I may have misunderstood him) I should think that I ought to leave the Christian pulpit; that it was no longer the place in which I ought to stand, as a professed Christian teacher; but, if Mr Parker thinks otherwise, if he can find a people willing to hear him, and ministers willing to exchange with him, that is his affair and their affair, and not mine.

Having thus answered, so far as I am able, your question, will you permit me to propose one or two to you? While, from your general knowledge of the opinions of Unitarians, and that acquaintance with their writings, which as a Christian theologian you ought to have, you might have been satisfied that the sentiments expressed by Mr Parker were not in harmony with those commonly entertained by that denomination, were you not also, on that very afternoon after the ordination, or within a few days subsequent, and before the date of your letter, informed by one or two Unitarian clergymen, especially by one whose standing, experience, and intimate acquaintance with most of the Unitarian clergy, authorize him, so far as any one can be authorized, to speak for the body, were you not, by this individual, expressly assured that the sentiments of Mr Parker *were not approved by Unitarians*? If you were thus informed, may I ask, what was your object and motive in associating yourself with two other clergymen of South Boston, and making, with some parade, a public inquiry relative to a matter, in respect to which you had already been informed, and in respect to which you might have given similar information to these clergymen, had you chosen to do so? Did you not know, were you not as well assured before you wrote and published that letter, as you could expect to be afterwards, that the sentiments of that sermon were not in harmony with the principles and opinions commonly entertained by Unitarians? What was your object and motive, then, in making this public inquiry? I will not so far reflect upon your understanding as to suppose that you would attempt to make the members of the Council or Unitarians generally responsible for Mr Parker's individual opinions, and thus bring additional odium upon a denomination, all of whom you and your brethren are accustomed to regard as infidels and heretics, whose churches and ministers have no claim to the Christian name or Christian privilege. You know very well that neither the members of the Council nor Unitarians generally can be considered thus responsible for Mr Parker's individual peculiarities of opinion. As well might the professors at Andover, where Mr Shackford passed a portion of his theological novitiate, or the association of Orthodox ministers, who approbated him to preach, be held responsible for his present Unitarian opinions? What, then, was your object in this public inquiry?

Again you say, 'We were hoping that when the venerable Dr Pierce arose to offer the ordaining prayer, he would have said to the candidate, 'if your sentiments accord with those of the preacher, I cannot consecrate you to the Christian ministry.' But in this we were disappointed. We then hoped that when Rev Mr Lothrop proceeded to give the charge he would have remonstrated against the sentiments proclaimed in the sermon, and solemnly charge (charged) the young man to avoid them as contrary to the Gospel and destructive to the souls of men. But in this, too, we were disappointed.'

In reference to the passage I have just quoted, I have two questions I wish to ask, one a matter of opinion, the other a matter of fact. How far do you think it proper or necessary for a person to make the service he performs at an ordination, a remonstrance to the service performed by some other person, with whose sentiments he happens not to concur, and thus convert this solemn occasion into one of personal contention and controversy? I did not approve of some of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Parker; I did not and do not concur in them; neither did I approve or concur in some of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Putnam in his Address to the people, or by Mr. Sargent in his Right Hand of Fellowship. Must I, therefore, get up and express my disapprobation and non-concurrence. I have seldom attended an ordination where every thing that was uttered perfectly harmonized with my own opinions and feelings. Was I bound or had I a right to interrupt the service by a remonstrance? Would it be an improvement in the services of an ordination to conduct them upon the plan implied in your remarks? You say that you expected a remonstrance from Dr. Pierce and Mr. Lothrop, and were disappointed. Your remarks imply, and seem intended to imply, that in the services offered by these gentlemen, nothing counter to the opinions presented in the sermon was expressed.

You imply that their services were of a character which led you to infer that they were satisfied with the sermon. Is this true? Is it a just and candid account of the services of those gentlemen. They did not distinctly and directly remonstrate against the sermon, but can you, as an honest man, deny that almost every thought presented by them was in direct opposition to some of the sentiments of the sermon, and was it fair, in a public communication upon the subject, to conceal this important fact? Did not Dr. Pierce, in his prayer, with great distinctness, and in strong contrast with the sermon which had just preceded it, express great reverence for the Holy Scripture, for Jesus Christ, as the Mediator of the new covenant, sent to speak well authority to men? Did not the charge earnestly exhort the young candidate to reverence the character, example and authority of Christ, to go to his words as the source and the authority of the instructions he communicated to his people, to be careful to preach his gospel and not his own notions and passions? Could any one present believe, did you yourself really believe, that the persons who expressed the sentiments that were expressed in the prayer and in the charge, did approve, or could approve of some that were advanced in the sermon? I am satisfied that the opposite impression must have been conveyed by their services; I know that such impression was conveyed to many, and I feel aggrieved, I think Dr. Pierce and myself, as we are singled out from those who performed the other services, have both occasion to feel aggrieved, that in giving to the public an account of the occasion, you should have so represented the matter as to lead the public to infer that our services implied a concurrence in the sentiments of the sermon, which I contend was far from being the case. Though the language used in your letter, therefore, and quoted above, is literally true, inasmuch as we did not remonstrate, in direct express words, yet it is calculated to give, and does give the public a false impression respecting our services, and as such is not just or candid. It is a violation of the golden rule of doing to others as you would have others do to you. If it was through inadvertence, your letter was so written as to convey this false impression, as I am ready to believe it was, I have no doubt you will be disposed publicly to acknowledge and correct it. As an act of justice, I call upon you to do so, or to disprove what I have said respecting the character of the ordaining prayer and the charge.

One word more. You ask if the members of the Council "acknowledge Mr. Parker as a Christian minister?" This inquiry and form of expression is an implied acknowledgement on your part, that the "members of the Council are themselves Christian ministers." An acknowledgement which the Orthodox clergy have not been very ready to make.

May I ask if you intended to make this acknowledgement, or are disposed to make it? Are you ready to recognize myself or any other members of that Council, as Christian ministers, and extend towards us ministerial courtesy and fellowship?

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
S. K. LOTHROP.

Boston, June 17, 1841.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of the Sunday School Society, the following gentlemen were appointed ASSOCIATE AGENTS:

Rev. F. T. Gray, Rev. R. C. Waterston, Rev. A. B. Muzzey, R. W. Bayley, L. G. Pray, W. P. Jarvis, G. F. Thayer, Esqrs., and J. F. Flagg, M. D.

The duties of these agents, are, to visit and address Sunday Schools,—Teachers, Anniversary and other meetings; to collect statistics in relation to them, and advance the general objects of the Society. As their services are gratuitous, the object of the above arrangement, is to increase and divide the amount of labor. Pastors, Superintendents, Associations or Committees desiring a visit or other aid, are requested to give as early and seasonable notice as practicable, of the time, place and other necessary particulars.

All communications and applications on the subject of the Agency, to be addressed to the subscriber who has been appointed Agent for the purpose.

LEWIS G. PRAY, 39 Allen St., Boston.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

From the Dedham Auxiliary Association,	$38 00
From the Scituate Auxiliary Association,	30 00
From the East Bridgewater Auxiliary Association,	21 00
From the Brighton Auxiliary Association,	40 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr Hall's Society, Dorchester,	109 00
From the Portland Me., Auxiliary Association,	22 00
From the Auxiliary Association in Rev. Mr Barrett's Society,	24 00
From the Tyngsborough Auxiliary Association,	20 00
From the Harvard Association Auxiliary to A. U. A., in Rev. Mr Ellis' Society, Charlestown,	140 00
From the Hubbardston Auxiliary Association,	26 00
From Hon. Joseph Story, a donation,	10 00
From the Worcester Auxiliary Association,	40 00
From the Beverly Auxiliary Association,	75 00
From the Topsham Me., Auxiliary Association,	12 00
From the Bolton Auxiliary Association,	17 00
From the Peterboro' N. H., Auxiliary Association,	25 00
From the Sterling Auxiliary Association,	30 00
From the Walpole N. H., Auxiliary Association,	8 00
From the Watertown Auxiliary Association,	22 00
From the Chelsea Auxiliary Association,	28 00
From the Newport R. I., Auxiliary Association,	25 00
From the Christian Benevolent Society in Sterling, in aid of Unitarian missions in the West,	30 00
From individuals in Boston, to aid in building a Church in Burlington, Iowa Territory,	20 00
From Belfast Me., Auxiliary Association,	50 00
From Barnstable Auxiliary Association, paid by James Munroe & Co.,	9 00
From Beverly Auxiliary Association, paid by James Munroe & Co.,	32 00
From James Munroe & Co., being contributions for and sale of Tracts,	168 66
From George Nichols of Boston, towards constituting him a life member, of the A. U. A.	10 00
From Lexington Auxiliary Association,	5 00
From Providence R. I., Auxiliary Association,	121 00
From Mansfield Auxiliary Association,	15 00
From a friend at Lowell, a donation,	5 00
Receipts since annual meeting,	
From North Mansfield Auxiliary Association,	12 50
From Brookfield Auxiliary Association,	21 00
From Templeton Auxiliary Association,	2 00
From Brattleboro' Vt., Auxiliary Association,	19 00
From Ashby Auxiliary Association,	14 00
From Col. Samuel Swett of Boston, for his subscription to General Agency for the years 1838, 1839, 1840,	60 00
From Windsor Vt., Auxiliary Association,	15 00
From Norton Auxiliary Association,	16 00
From Calais Me., Auxiliary Association,	22 00
From Fitchburg Auxiliary Association,	16 00
From Lancaster Auxiliary Association,	32 00
From Rev. Mr Clarke of Uxbridge, for tracts	2 00
From West Cambridge Auxiliary Association,	15 00
From Savannah Geo., Auxiliary Association,	15 00

ORDINATION.

Mr A. D. Conant will be ordained as an Evangelist, next Sunday evening, at the Bulfinch Street Church. The services will begin at 7 1-2 o'clock. Sermon, by Rev. Mr Hosmer of Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS FOR THE WEST.

The General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of the following books for destitute Societies in the Western States:

A box of books from the ladies of Sterling for the Sabbath School Library in Quincy, Ill.

A package of books from A. C. Field of Lynn.

A package of books from Mrs M. J.

Also several packages from unknown individuals.

ERRATA.—We regret that several typographical errors appeared in the article, entitled 'Unity of Unitarians,' which was inserted in the last Register. They are such, however, as the reader may easily correct, except the one that occurs near the bottom of the fourth column, in the sentence beginning thus; 'Man wishes to shine with his own light,' &c.; instead of 'Man,' read *Mars*.

*** We have been requested to insert the following Errata which occur in Mr Parker's sermon.

p. 21, line 15 from top, read *from* instead of *for*.
25, " 9 " " " *Christ* " *Christianity*.
27, " 15 " " " *record* " *law*.
30, " 18 " " " *northern* " *mortal*.
41, " 30 " " " *to form* " *from*.

The following passage was inadvertently omitted on p. 39, line 21 from top, after the word *receive*—

'He would have us do the same; worship with nothing between us and God; act, think, feel, live, in perfect obedience to Him; and we never are *Christians* as he was the *Christ*, until we worship, as Jesus did, with no mediator, with nothing between us and the Father of all.

INTELLIGENCE.

Trade—Great Britain and the United States.—The chamber of commerce of Liverpool has published in one of the papers of that city an appeal to the British Nation in favor of a modification of the commercial restrictions that now exist in that country against American productions. Their argument is based on important facts adduced in regard to the imports and exports of the two countries. Among the suggestions is this,—that as England imposes a duty from 10 to 75 per cent on Tobacco, Wheat and Flour, Rice, Ashes Timber and Staves, the states of which these productions are the growth will unite with manufacturers at the approaching expiration of the tariff compromise act, for the purpose of establishing a tariff based on a principle of retaliation.

The Liverpool paper in which the article appeared, says—'It will at once be admitted by merchants of every class that the arguments of a body representing a trading interest so vast and important as that of Great Britain with the United States, are deserving of attentive consideration?

Supposed Piracy on Boad the Ship Charles.—Deep and serious mystery hangs over the circumstances of the ship Charles of Bath, which has been found off the Balize in a singular state of abandonment. The New-Orleans Bee of the 7th instant furnishes the following details, which it declares may be relied on:—

The Charles cleared on Tuesday last, 1st inst, and went down to the Balize the same evening, crossing the bar, and getting into the Gulf on the morning following. During the whole of Wednesday and Thursday, the Charles as well as the Louis Quatorze, which went out at the same time, was distinctly visible from the Balize, the weather being rather calm; though it was observed that the Charles steered to the west, while the Louis Quatorze headed to the east of the Southwest Pass. On Friday morning, at an early hour, the captain of the towboat Tiger noticed a vessel apparently steering for the Southwest Pass, and looking, at the distance, as if her studding-sails were set. Presuming that the vessel was in want of steam, he directed the Tiger towards her. On nearing her, he discovered that it was the ship Charles.

Nearly all her sails were set, and the jib, which was flying loose, appeared to have been cut, probably to make an awning for one of the boats. Not a solitary living being was on board. On descending into the cabin, several bottles which had contained porter, and had had their necks knocked off, were found on the table; some of their contents had been spilled, and the froth looked quite fresh. Every particle of luggage had disappeared. Not a trunk, nor a bedstead, nor an article of clothing, save an old pair of boots, was to be seen. The apparel and bedding of the captain, crew and passengers had entirely disappeared.

On examining the vessel's deck, spots of blood, having the appearance of being recently shed, together with eight or ten handspikes, were seen on the starboard side. On the larboard was a small pool of blood, running towards the scuppers, and on the same side, on the outward part of the vessel, were eight stains of the sanguine fluid, which had apparently flowed from some wounded person carried or forced over the side.

It must be borne in mind that this appaling discovery was made at an early hour in the morning—about eight A. M. After ascertaining the circumstances just related, the Tiger very properly put to sea, and cruised about for some five or six hours. In the course of the morning, about ten miles distant from the Charles, a boat, recognized as one attached to that vessel, and containing a dog, said to belong to one of the passengers, was picked up. The dog appeared by no means exhausted, and had evidently not been long adrift, as when offered water, he did not lap very eagerly. After searching some time longer, and finding nothing whatever to elucidate the mystery, Capt. Crowell returned to the Charles, took her in tow, and returned to town, where she arrived yesterday morning at seven o'clock.

A meeting of the Council of the Second Municipality was held, at which decisive measures were adopted for the discovery of the clue to this dark transaction. The steamship Neptune was immediately chartered to go on a cruize in the Gulf, and sixty able-bodied seamen engaged as her crew, fully armed and equiped; the whole under the command of Captain Butler, harbor-master of the Second Municipality. A large number of citizens offered their services as volunteers, but the Neptune having her full complement, the proffer was declined.

The Charles was bound for Havre, and had twenty-three cabin passengers, some of them ladies, principally French shopkeepers, going to make their annual purchases in France, and all of them, as usual, no doubt, with considerable sums of specie, and it is presumed not less, together, than $100,000, probably much more.

The following, is from the New York Commercial, of Monday. It gives a different aspect to the affair, but does not clear up the mystery.

Captain Hubbard, of the brig America, arrived yesterday from Chagres, when in latitude 26 44 N., longitude 20 W, on the 13th of June, spoke the schooner Ann, from New Orleans for Portsmouth, and was hailed by a person who said that he was the captain of the ship Charles, from New Orleans, and that part of his crew were on board the said schooner; said they were in want of water, but Capt. H. being nearly out himself could not supply them; he stated farther that his ship had sprung aleak when about 60 miles from the Balize, had about five feet water in her hold, and that he had thrown overboard about four hundred bales of cotton to lighten her, and that shortly afterward they were fallen in with by a French vessel, which took them off.

Now it may be recollected that the cargo of the Charles, as reported by the New Orleans papers, consisted entirely of staves and lumber; whence, then, came the 400 bales of cotton said to have been thrown overboard. And if there was cotton among the cargo, and it was thrown overboard, surely the bales must have been seen by some of the many vessels arriving at New Orleans within the next day or two. If the person on board the Ann was really Captain Gorham, his proceedings have been most unaccountable on any theory but that of guilt on his own part.

New Census.—The Madisonian gives, the new census of 1840, complied from the records at Washington. The population of New York is 2,428,921; Pensylvania, 1,724,022; Ohio, 1,519,467; Virginia, 1,239,797. No other State exceeds a million. The total population of the United States now exceeds 17,100,572! A few counties are still wanting in some States to make the grand total complete, but in the four States above named, the population stated is correct. We now number *seventeen millions* of people!—*Era*.

Common Schools in Vermont.—The Vermont Chronicle states that the number of children in that State between the ages of 4 and 13 is 106,000, and the number of district schools 3300. The number of teachers employed is 5100. The school tax for the year is $61,803, equal to $22 for each district; the sums raised voluntarily by the towns and districts, amounted to $81,000. The aggregate expense for schools, including board for teachers, books, fuel, &c., is about $202,740, or $112 to each district.

Pennsylvania Banks.—Of the fifty banks in the state of Pennsylvania, thirty-five have accepted of the Relief and Revenue Act. The amount of currency which they are authorized to issue under the Act, is $1,948,427.

Inland Commerce.—The principal articles cleared at Buffalo by the Erie canal, and the amount of toll collected, for the first two weeks in June, were as follows:—Flour, 63,096 barrels; wheat, 45,468 bushels; pork, 9217 barrels; whiskey, 81,000 gallons. The whole amount toll in these two weeks, collected at Buffalo, was $31,495 32. The Buffalo papers speak of the great activity of trade passing through that city.

Indian Corn.—According to the census returns the annual crop of Indian corn of North Carolina is thirty-four millions of bushels. In the production of this important item, therefore, North Carolina stands second on the list—the annual crop of Tennessee, which is the largest producer, being upwards of forty-two millions of bushels.

From Africa.—Files of the African Luminary up to 19th March,—a paper of considerable interest and ability, published at Liberia—have been received. We quote the following statements of news as given in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The latest paper contains an interesting letter from Missionary Seys, dated on the 8th of March, from the head waters of the river Junk. The mission cause in that remote spot was in a state of great prosperity.

On the 17th of March the brig Mentor, Taylor, arrived after a passage of 34 days from Philadelphia.

A native missionary chapel has been built at Monrovia, by the Methodist mission; it was opened for divine service on the 7th of February.

The anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was celebrated at Monrovia on the 16th of January, the Rev. John Seys presiding. After some suitable addresses, eight gentlemen were made members of the parent board in this city, by a subscription of $160. Thus we see the good seed sown is producing seed in that far off land.

The Liberia annual conference commenced its session at Monrovia on the 14th of January, and continued until the 20th. It appears that the number of members belonging to the Methodist Church in Africa is 992, and 401 children attached to the Sabbath schools.

Dr. W. H. Taylor, one of the missionaries, died at Monrovia on the 3d of February.—[*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*]

Later from Africa.—We have just seen Captain Cooper, of the British brig Emily, from Africa who has furnished us with the following intelligence. He left Sierra Leone on the eleventh of May.—When he left it was very sickly at that place. A number of deaths had occurred; among them was Sir John Jeremie, the Governor General. He had been but a few months in the country.

While Captain Cooper was at Sierra Leone, two vessels came up from Monrovia, with passengers bound to New York—the brigs Rudolph Groning, and Menton. They had some twenty passengers, among whom was the Rev. John Seys, the superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Africa, Mr. Jayne, late printer of the Luminary, and Mr. and Mrs. Dupees; they were in good health, and those who were on board of Captain Taylor's brig, the Mentor, having been transferred to the Rudolph Groning, the latter was to sail in a day or two for New York. It is probable she would touch at the Cape de Verds.—[*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book aad Pamphlet Society, is removed to the store of Mr S. G. SIMPKINS, 21 Tremont Row.

Subscribers, Clergymen and others, in want of Tracts for distribution at home or abroad, are invited to call at the Depository as above, where they can be gratuitously supplied.

Donations of Books, Pamphlets or Money, will be gratefully received by the agent of the Depository, for the use of the Society.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Gray, Mr Samuel Goodwin, of Dorchester, to Miss Mary Ann M. Clapp; Mr Alfred Burditt, to Miss Sarah Wakefield.

In the Chambers Street Church, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. Mr Barrett, Mr Henry Carter, to Miss Eunice G. Hall, daughter of Adin Hall, Esq., all of this city.

In this city, June 5th, by Rev. James Thompson of Salem, Mr Charles Cadwell, of Barre, to Miss Charlotte Augusta Amee, daughter of Gen. J. C. L. Amee of B.

In this city, June 22, by Rev. Mr Frothingham, Mr Joseph W. Ward, of the house of Henshaw, Ward & Co., to Miss Catharine M. Appleton, daughter of Benjamin B. Appleton, Esq.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Streeter, Mr Spyridion Abramovich to Miss Elizabeth Donaldson.

In Chelsea, on Sunday morning, by Rev. Mr Robbins, John Williams, Esq., to Miss Lydia Bridge.

In Dorchester, 8th inst, Mr Thomas Lyon, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 83, to Miss Sarah Clap, aged 47.

In Beverly, 17th inst, by Rev. Mr Thayer, Mr Charles Davis, to Miss Helen M. Stephens.

In Danvers, by Rev. Mr Sewall, Mr Franklin Butters, of Tewksbury, to Miss Sally Abbott.

In Edgarton, 15th inst, Capt. Samuel E. Andrews, of New York, to Miss Prudence Jernegan, of E.; Mr George Coffin, to Miss Deborah Crosby, both of E.

In Providence, R. I., June 22, by Elder John Taylor, Elder Thomas F. Barry, of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Betsey D. Chase, of Providence.

DEATHS.

In this city, 14th inst, Miss Rebecca T. Reeves, 22 years and 8 months, 4th daughter of the late Benjamin Reeves, formerly of Salem.

In Charlestown, Mr Silas Stickney, Jr., 35.

In Hingham, June 16, Mr Abijah Hersey, 73.

In Hingham, 17th inst, Capt. Elijah Whiton, 61.

In Danvers, May 5, Mrs Nancy Endicott, wife of Mr Elias Endicott, aged 70; Miss Maria Putnam, aged 25, daughter of Mr Daniel Putnam.

In Sandwich, Mrs Hannah, widow of Dr Benjamin Bourne, 92.

In Westfield, on the 13th, Mrs Emeline, aged 30, wife of Mr Charles Dewey.

In Montpelier, Vt., 17th inst, Hon. Augustine Clarke, 62.

In Mexico, Me., after a long and distressing sickness, Stephen Barnard, Esq., 74.

In New York, June 20, Mr Robert Means, 39; Lieut. J. H. Vose, Jr., 3d Reg't Infantry.

MR PEABODY'S MANUALS FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.—*The First Book for Sunday Schools*. Fourth edition. *The Portsmouth Sunday School Hymn Book*, compiled for the use of the Fourth Parish Sunday School. By their Pastor, A. P. Peabody. june 26 WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington st.

DR CHANNING'S WORK.—New and complete edition. The Works of William E. Channing, D. D., first complete American edition, with an Introduction. In five volume. Price *Five Dollars*. For sale by june 26 WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington st.

WILLIAM CROSBY & CO, No. 118 Washington street, have lately published the following valuable and popular works;—

A Memoir of Rev. Dr Tuckerman, by William E. Channing, D. D.

The Young Maiden, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey. New edition.

Woman's Mission, by a Lady, with an Introductory Notice, by Rev. E. S. Gannett.

Sabbath Recreations, by Miss Emily Taylor; revised by Rev. J. Pierpont.

Traditions of Palestine; or Times of the Savior, by Harriet Martineau.

A Visit to the Country, by Miss S. Cabot.

The Well Bred Boy; or New School of Good Manners. The Well Bred Girl, by the same author.

The Mount Vernon Readers, a series of School Books, by the Messrs Abbott.

Rollo's Travels & Rollo's Correspondence, by Jacob Abbott. &c &c &c. je 26

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.—Received this day, a supply of 'The book of Psalms:' being the authorized version of that part of the Sacred volume.

The above is a beautiful Pocket Edition of the Psalms; and the same as used in the new Unitarian Church in Boston, under the care of Jas. Freeman Clark.

BENJAMIN H. GREENE, 124 Washington, corner of Water Street. je 26.

YOUNG'S CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIMS. Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1620 to 1625; now first collected from original and contemporaneous printed documents, and illustrated with notes, by Rev. Alexander Young. Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School streets. j 26

GREAVES' THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUAL CULTURE.—Spiritual Culture, or Thoughts Addressed to Parents and Teachers, on the Discipline and Instruction of Children, by J. P. Greaves, from the London edition.

Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street.

OIL CLOTHS, all widths, suitable for Table Coverings, may be obtained at the One Price Store, No. 28 Washington street.

Just received, another lot of German Painted Floor Cloth, suitable for Entry Carpets, at a very low price. je 26

PARKER'S SERMON.—A Discourse on the Transient and Permanent in Christianity, preached at the Ordination of Mr Charles C. Shackford, in the Hawes Place Church in Boston, May 19th, 1841, by Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury.

Just published and for sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street. june 26

STANDARD WORKS, London editions, imported and for sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street.

Lord Mahon's History of England, 3 vols; Turner's do do, 12 vols; Milman's edition of Gibbon's Roman Empire, 12 vols; Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, 3 vols; Life and Letters of Cicero, 1 vol; Southey's edition of Cowper, 15 vols; Sismondi's History of Literature, 4 vols; Huskisson's Speeches, 3 vols; Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, 6 vols; Tracts on the Civil Wars, 2 vols; Memoirs of the Duke of Sully; Middleton's Works, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, 5 vols; Irving's Lives of Scottish Writers, 2vols; Granger's Biographical History of England, 6 vols; Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, 10 vols; Dr Lingard's do do, 13vols; Sir W. Gell's Rome and its Vicinity; do do Pompeiana, 2 vols; Dodsley's select collection of old Plays, 10 vols; Landr'r's Imaginary Conversations, 3 vols; Birch's Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain; Grahame's History of the United States, 4 vols; Bucke on the Beauties, Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature; Hone's Popular Works and Everlasting Calendar, 4 vols; Warton's History of English Poetry; Fuller's Worthies of England, by Nutall, 3 vols; Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, &c. je 26

NEW WORKS.—The Holy Voice; a Sermon delivered on Fast Day at West Cambridge, by Norwood Damon.

Parker's Sermon, on the Transient and Permanent in Christianity, delivered at Mr Shackford's ordination at South Boston.

Channing's Works, 5 vols.

Also,—A new Edition of Allen's Questions, first part, to which is added an entire new map of Palestine. This renders the Book very useful to Sunday School Teachers.

BENJAMIN H. GREENE 124 Washington st. j26

ENGLISH BOOKS, per Steamer Columbia.—The Neumismatic Manual, by John F. Ackerman, 8vo
Ecclesiastical Chronology, by Rev J. E. Riddle, 8vo
Two Discourses on the Union between God and Christ, by Thomas Madge, 8vo
Sketches of China, by John Francis Davis, 2 vols
What to Observe, or the Travelling Remembrancer, 8vo
Theological Doubts, by a Layman, 8vo
Montgomery's Poetical Works, new edition, vol 1
Moore's Poetical Works, vol 8
Graphic Illustrations of the Life and Times of Samuel Johnson, LL. D., Parts 1 to 4, beautiful illustrations
One Hundred Sonnets, and a Life of Plutarch, by Susan Wollaston, 12mo
Hoyle's Games—improved and enlarged
Evenings with the Chroniclers, 12mo
Boyle's Universal Chronology, 2 vols 12mo
Markham's History of France, 2 vols 12mo
Glossary of Architecture with several hundred engravings
Montague's Edition of Lord Bacon, vols 15 and 16
McCulloch's Illustrations of the Attributes of God, 3 vols
Boswell's Johnson, 10 vols—plates
Bibliotheca Americana Nova, 8vo
&c &c &c &c
Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Importers of English Books 134 Washington st. je 26

DR CHANNING'S ADDRESS AT PHILADELPHIA.—An Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Company, of Philadelphia, May 11, 1841, by W. E. Channing.

Just published, for sale by J. MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington street. j 19

TWO HUNDRED PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, and Views of the Holy Land, Second Seires.

The following letter is from the Rev. John O. Choules, author of the History of Missions, &c.

New-York, June 12, 1841.

Some months ago you sent me a copy of your first volume of 'Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible,' &c., requesting a brief expression of my opinion concerning it. I cheerfully complied with your desire, and *now*, in looking over that hasty line, I see nothing that I wish to alter or abate. I stated my belief, that *the work would be well received*; and the marked success which has crowned your enterprise, proves that I formed a tolerably correct estimate of the popular taste. * * *

I am much pleased with your second volume, and think it an improvement on its predecessor, and when the third shall appear, of the same character, I shall regard the entire series as affording a valuable mass of important knowledge in illustration of the antiquities, geography, and natural history of the Word of God. The sale of so many editions is the unerring proof of the acceptance of your work, for as an author, according to Dr. Johnson, writes either to 'amuse or inform mankind, they must be the best judges of his pretensions.' The voice of the people is with you, and after all we can say, *pro or con*, the people know what they want, and are pretty good judges of what will suit their tastes and meet their necessities.

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE INDIAN.

Why should I stay? there lingers not a ray around my path;
No light like that of other days, gleams from my lonely hearth;
The breath that through my forest home swept with its breezy play,
Hath melted, like my red-browed race, all silently away.

Why should I stay? my fathers' graves by other feet are trod,
And they whose wounds are in my heart, bound o'er the hallowed sod.
They heed not who doth sleep in dust so peacefully below,
The maiden with her dark-eyed glance, or warrior with his bow.

Why should I stay? the hunter's cry hath ceased along the steep,
The council fire has long grown dim, the chieftain sunk to sleep.
The wild deer, frighted from his haunt, hath hidden him away,
And my arrows in their quiver rest;—I may not, will not stay.

Why should I stay? the brave canoe, that through the billow bore
The brethren of my early years, is moored to launch no more;
And where are they? the gay, the free, the first in dance and chace?
Where? but no echo tells the tale of that departed race.

They 're passed beneath the white man's sway, as melts the summer dew,
When high in heaven, the glorious sun his journey doth renew;
But never more, as falls the dew again upon the rose,
Shall they return, from morning's dawn, e'en to the twilight's close.

Why should I stay? the light of day far in the west declines;
Methinks my brother's spirit calls, to seek those golden lines.
Is 't there—the peaceful home that waits the Indian from the grave?
Yes, and my death-song's last clear note shall find me on the wave.

I go! but long the white man's heart the Indian's curse shall feel,
And o'er him, in his calmest hour, with vengeance shall it steal.
That Spirit Great that rules above, his children shall defend,
And double for their cruel wrongs, on their oppressors send.

Yes, rest thee, chieftain, in thy grave! thou 'st found a happy home,
Where hateful thirst for gold and power shall ne'er intrusive come.
We reap indeed, the chill reward of cruelty and vice,
And dearly, for oppression's lash, have paid the bitter price.

We feel thy curse, when cheerful homes at midnight's hour are fired.
And blazing hamlets tell the tale of deep revenge untired;
And long our haughty land shall bleed beneath the heavy stroke,
And even to the dust be bowed, ere yet its chains are broke.

Oh, I would rather boast myself a red-browed Indian child,
And roam the forest-tangled path, untaught, and pure and wild,
Than e'er to feel upon my soul the guilty stain that 's left,
To canker children's children's hearts, till e'en of life bereft.

As called the Jews, for Jesus' blood upon their heads to rest,
So o'er our heads the arm of God holds ransom for the opprest.
Well may we shrink, and hide our face in darkness and in fear,
And feel that justice lingers not, but ever must be near.

Rouse then, my country! oh, arouse, and turn thy thoughts to heaven,
While yet the days are lengthened out, that thou may'st be forgiven.
Take with fraternal love the hand thy pride so long hath spurned,
And peace around thy path shall bloom, and vengeance back be turned.

L. B. T.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled, we 're all at home,
Tonight let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we 're found,
Bless then the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour,
We 're all—all here.

We 're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth,
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band,
Some like a night flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The quiet grave yard—some lie there,
And cruel Ocean has his share—
We 're *not* all here!

We 're *not* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears;
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They 're round us as they were of old—
We ARE all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear—
This may not long of us be said,
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle may be found.
Oh then, that wisdom may we know,
That yields a life of peace below,
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in worlds of bliss,
We 're all—all HERE!

MISCELLANEOUS.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

I have known few happier people than the Widow Ellis and her son William, or Willie, as he was called in the neighborhood. And do you think Willie, my bright, happy little friend Willie, had quantities of clothes, new books whenever he desired them, a printing-press, paint-box, pencils, a magic lantern, and all the toys, useful and useless, that are lavished by loving friends on rich boys? On the contrary, they were almost the poorest people, save those miserable beings the town's poor, in our village.

When Mrs Ellis was first married, many years ago, she moved to the West. She had six children. She lived in a sickly place, and one after another died, and last of all her husband. None of her family were left but the youngest, Willie. Her own health was wretched; and, believing nothing could cure her but coming back to the old place, she sold her little property, paid her debts, doctor and all, came back to our village, and had just enough to buy that little old brown house on the slope, at the turn above the river. There is a small patch of land on the east side of the widow's house, it may be the tenth of an acre, which she made into a garden. She often says, it is well for her it is no larger, for it is just big enough for her and William to plant, and sow, and keep in order. It is wonderful how much she gets out of it! Plenty of potatoes for breakfast and dinner all the year round, and often a good mess for the cow. The widow's money held out to buy a cow, and well for her that it did; for this cow, till she lost it, half supported her.

The next house to the Widow Ellis, between her and the river, a large brick building, is Captain Nicholas Stout's. You may see by the good fences round it, and the big barns, corn-crib, sheds, &c., behind it, all snug and sound, that the captain is a wealthy, industrious, pains-taking farmer.' An honest man, too, is the captain; that is, as honest as a man can be who is selfish, and crabbed, and thinks so much of his own property and rights as to care very little for his neighbor's. A man is called honest that pays his debts, and does not cheat his neighbors; but there is a higher, nobler honesty than that, and a short rule for the practice of it, viz., 'do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' The captain did not come up to this, as we shall see. He was a rough, hard-favored man, and had a crusty way of speaking, particularly to children, that made them all dislike him; and I believe this was the reason the captain was so apt to have his early apples and his watermelons stolen. The Widow Ellis had one pear-tree in her garden; delicious pears it bore, too: and I have heard her say she didn't believe one pear had ever been stolen from it: indeed, I think the boys in our village would as soon have cut off their fingers as have stolen one of her pears. Was it right to steal the cross Captain Stout's? Oh, no; but the fact that his were stolen and hers were not, shows how one person doing wrong leads to another doing it too.

There is no having possessions in this world without trials coming along with them. So Willie found; for his young family of geese and ducks, on passing Captain Stout's garden on their way to the river, would sometimes run under the fence, and had once or twice been seen by the captain himself on his premises.

Once, finding them helping themselves to a few of his peas, he flew into a passion; and, calling to Willie, who was passing by, he told him if he did not keep his ducks out of his garden he would wring their necks for them! The bare thought of such a catastrophe made Willie tremble; and that very hour, with the help of a kind friend, he made a coop for his hen, and shut her up. Willie, now seeing the ducklings persecuted, loved them better than ever. His leisure moments were spent with them. He watched their different dispositions, and named accordingly; and one cross one, who was for getting all the food to himself, and pecking at the others, he named, '*Captain Stout.*' After a few days, Willie took it into his head that the young things were getting poor, and pining to go to the river; and he let the hen out, taking care to attend them, lest they should trespass on the captain. One day, as he was returning from watering his ducks, his mother called him to go in haste of an errand. He left the ducks on their way home. When he was returning he saw Captain Stout, with a club in his hand, running through his garden. Willie's heart misgave him. 'Oh, my poor little ducks!' thought he, and he hastened forward. Willie reached the garden-fence just in time to see the old hen fly over it, calling, in her own way, with all her might and main, to the young ones to follow. But they, poor things, could not fly so high; and in attempting to run under the fence, they were entangled in some currant bushes that grew very thickly there; and before Willie could get his breath to plead for them, the captain caught one after the other, and, wringing their necks, tossed them gasping over the fence; and then, merely saying 'I gave you warning,' he turned and walked back to his house. Willie said not one word. It seemed to him as if he should choke. He took up his darlings one after the other, and put them in his apron; they were warm, and their little breasts yet heaving, and Willie ran towards his home. He did not stop to hear Sam and Bob, who, enraged at the captain's cruelty, called him all sorts of names. 'I'd kill him!' says Sam. 'I'd burn down his house for him!' said Bob. Not one word said poor Willie; but his cheeks looked as if the blood would burst from them, and he bit his lips till they bled; and so he appeared before his mother, and, dropping his apron, the dead ducks fell at her feet, and he burst into loud cries, 'Captain Stout has killed them all—he is a cruel wretch, mother—he is!—I wish he was dead! I do wish he was dead!'

'Willie!'

'I can't help it, mother; I do wish so; he is an awful, hateful man! he might have left me one—just one,' and then, throwing himself down on the floor, he took one after the other, stroked down their feathers, held up their poor broken necks, and burst out into a fresh peal of crying. As soon as she could soothe him into a little composure, his mother inquired into all the particulars, and she too shed some tears, for it grieved her to see Willie grieve; and she certainly did think he had been most unjustly as well as unkindly treated. 'It is a pity!' she said, stroking Willie's head. Willie felt a litle comforted when he saw that his mother felt with him, and he stopped his loud crying, but his tears still came as fast as he could wipe them. 'If he had only killed the captain,' he said, 'I would not have minded it; but Bigbreast, and Fanny, and dear, dear little Mrs Hart! I am sure he ought to be hung; and I wish he was.'

'Willie!'

'Well, mother, was not it just like murder?

'No, my son, not nearly so bad as murder.'

'I'm sure I think it was; they did not mean to do him any harm, and they were the prettiest little ducks that ever lived, and the best. I think it was just as bad as Herod killing the innocents. They were just as good, and ten times handsomer than any babies that ever lived. Can't Captain Stout be punished any way, mother?'

'I believe not, Willie.'

'I am sure he ought to be. Mrs Hart told me my ducks would be worth a dollar a pair, and I meant to have sold one pair of them—oh, dear,' and Willie thought of the silk shawl he meant to have bought for his mother, and he burst into a fresh flood of tears, and said he should hate Captain Stout as long as he lived.

'Willie,' said his mother, 'let us go and bury the poor little ducks under the pear-tree, and when they are out of your sight you will feel better.' Willie did not think he ever should feel better; but he began to busy himself about nailing up a box to put the ducks in, and digging a grave, and his mother helped him, and they covered the grave with green sods, and Willie did feel a little better. When they went back to the house his mother asked him which he had rather be, the man that killed the little ducks, or the little boy whose ducks were killed.

'I had rather be myself, a million times, mother.'

'Then the person that suffers wrong, my son, is much better off than he that does it.'

'Yes, mother, I suppose so, but it's dreadful to bear.'

'Then should not you be sorry for Captain Stout?'

'Sorry for him! I can't feel so, if I ought to.'

'Perhaps you will, Willie, when you think a little more about it. Captain Stout was angry when he killed your little duck, and the moment the deed was done he felt, I am sure he did, that he had done as one neighbor should not do to another, as an old man should not do to a little boy; and, whenever he sees you or thinks of you, he will feel uncomfortable.'

'I hope he will! I hope he will feel awfully.'

'Don't say so, my son, or, rather, don't feel so. Do you remember those texts you wrote off into the first leaf of your Bible-book?'

'Yes, mother.'

'What were they?'

'Love your enemies, bless those that curse you, pray for those that despitefully use you, overcome evil with good, and so on.'

'What did you copy them off for?'

'So that I might remember them.'

'Why do you wish to remember them?'

'You told me I must, mother, so as to act accordingly, if ever I had a chance.'

'Have not you a chance now, Willie?'

Willie did not reply, and his mother went on. 'We never should lose the opportunity of obeying these laws which Christ has given us. You have now a great occasion. This is a great trial to you; and, if you can earnestly and sincerely pray God to bless Captain Stout, this trial, that seems so grievous to you, will prove a blessing; and, after you have so prayed, you will feel better, and you will be prepared to return good for Captain Stout's evil, if ever you have a chance. But don't pray for him because I have told you this, Willie; for it is not saying the words God cares for, but he looks into your heart to see whether the feeling is there.'

William considered for some time in silence, and at last he said, 'I hope I shall pray for Captain Stout, but I don't feel as if I could now.' When a child hopes he shall do right, he has taken the first step towards it. Willie was very much in the habit of doing what he thought was his duty, and all day he was thinking over his troubles; he often repeated to himself those texts he had copied, and he ended with, 'I hope I shall feel like praying for him.' At night, as usual, he knelt down by the bedside. His mother saw he remained on his knees longer than usual, and, when he crept into bed, 'Come here, mother,' he said. She went to the bedside. 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'it is just as you always tell me. I feel a great deal better for doing right. I feel a great deal better for doing right. It seems as if a load was taken off from me; and now I really don't want Captain Stout to be punished, and I do feel almost sorry for him, for I know he must feel awfully when he thinks of the little ducks. I was not sure even when I knelt down that I could sincerely and earnestly pray for him; but, when I was saying that part of my prayer, 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us,' I seemed, for the first time, to feel what it was to be forgiven, and that we could not be if we did not forgive, and how much God every day forgave me; and I remembered what a dreadful passion I was in to-day, and it seemed to me a very little thing, when God is all the time forgiving me, to forgive Captain Stout just for one bad thing; and, as soon as I had done praying for myself, I did pray for him—real prayer, mother—and now I don't hate him a bit, nor wish anything bad to happen to him.'

'My dear son, I am glad and thankful, and I hope you will always look to your heart; for, when that is right, all goes well, let others do us good or evil. If we only obey the Divine laws which Jesus Christ has given to us, we shall, in all probability, overcome the evil of others with our good; and, if not, we shall certainly build up the kingdom of heaven in our own hearts.'

Not many days after the affair of the ducks, Mrs. Ellis asked Willie to take his basket full of salt to the pasture, to salt the cow; and, 'maybe,' she said, 'Willie, you will find a little calf beside her.' Willie went off eagerly, running and whistling. The cow, I believe, he loved better than anything in the world but his mother. He had taken care, and good care, of her for two years. Nearly all the money she got was from the butter and milk of this good cow, and Willie often heard her say, when any new thing was bought, 'we must thank the cow for this, Willie.' On Willie went, thinking how pleasant it would be to have a calf with the cow, and how much pleasure the cow would take with it, for cows are fond mothers. As soon as he got over the bars into the pasture he saw the cow, but she seemed to be lying very stupidly; he saw, too, the little calf, walking feebly and slowly about the mother, and making a low sound. He ran forward, calling 'co, co;' but the cow did not, as usual, obey the call, and Willie's heart sank within him. He ran on, and, when he came to the poor animal, he found her stretched on the grass quite dead. Poor boy! you would have pitied him if you had seen how sorrowful he was; how he sat down by the cow, and thought of his mother, and burst into tears, and said, 'Now all is gone—my pretty ducks and mother's cow!—what shall we do? Poor Mooly! I never shall drive you home any more! I never again shall keep my fingers warm holding on to your nice warm tail! I never shall feed you again! you never again will look round at me and lick my hand! oh dear! I must go home and tell mother—that is the worst of it. What shall we do with the poor calf? we've no milk to give her; and, thus pondering, Willie went slowly homeward. As he came to the turn in the road by Captain Stout's field of winter wheat, he saw that several young cattle had broken into the field, and were making their way rapidly towards the wheat. Captain Stout's beautiful wheat, the most promising in the county, and already put up by the captain for the prize to be given by the agricultural society for the best winter wheat.

Willie looked at the cattle. He saw they were about to do great injury to Captain Stout. And do you think there was a voice at the very bottom of his heart, saying, 'Well, let them; it's just good enough for him!' No, Willie had forever silenced such a voice when he made that real prayer for Captain Stout. Willie was a quick-witted boy. He thought, if he ran after the cattle, they would trample down the wheat in spite of all he could do; then it occurred to him to lure them back with the basket of salt; so he let down the bars they had leaped over, and, going gently towards them, he called to them and showed them the salt. They came towards him. Just at that moment Sam Briggs, his friend, who had witnessed the wringing of the ducks' necks, appeared in sight. 'What are you about, Will?' he cried out.

'Getting these steers out of the captain's wheat-field.'

'The more fool you! don't you remember the ducks?'

'I guess I never shall forget them.'

'Then why don't you let the cattle be? I am sure it's none of your business to get them out. If I was in your place I would like no better fun than to see the captain's wheat trod down, every blade of it; I would not budge an inch to drive them out.'

'But, then, I should lose the opportunity, Sam,' replied Willie; who, all the time his friend was speaking, was luring the cattle towards the bars, and now, having got them on the outside, was putting them up, while they were licking up the salt he had strewed around.

'"Lose the opportunity!" Will—what do you mean?'

'Mother says—I mean the Bible says you should take the first opportunity to return good for evil, and then you will overcome other people's evil with your good.'

'That's sound doctrine, I declare!' said Sam's father, who at this moment joined them. 'You are a good boy, Willie, and I wish Sam would take pattern by you—Sam and all the other boys; as to that, there's many a man might be the better for such an example. A pretty spot of work, Mr Sam, I should have had if Willie had gone according to your advice; I suppose you did not see they are our cattle, and I should have had the damages to pay. But how in the world, Will, did you contrive to get them out so nicely?' Willie explained, and this led to telling the news of the cow's death.

'I declare!' said Mr Briggs, 'I am sorry for your loss, Willie, and your mother's. One good turn deserves another. Our old dun has lost her calf; so you drive yours up to my little pasture, and she may run with her; she'll have plenty of milk, and be worth raising by the time she is six weeks old.'

'Oh, thank you—thank you sir,' said William; and, his heart lightened of half its load, he ran home to tell all his news, bad and good, to his mother.

William was scarcely out of sight before Captain Stout came down to look at his darling wheat-field; and when he saw the prints of the cattle's hoofs, he sputtered away as he always did when in a passion. It was some time before he could listen to Mr Brigg's account of how skilfully they had been driven out by William Ellis.

'William Ellis! William Ellis!' exclaimed the old man.

'Yes, sir,' said Sam Briggs; 'maybe you know something about William Ellis' ducks, if you don't know William Ellis. I know some boys that, in Willie's place, would have turned the cattle *in* instead of *out!*'

'You are a *sarcy* boy!' said the captain, turning on his heel and walking briskly away. Though he said this, I rather think that, on reflection, he was much of Sam's opinion.

Willie found his mother submitted to the calamity of losing the cow with that gentleness and patience with which she took all the inevitable evils, small and great, of her lot. This was a better lesson to her child than if she had talked to him a month about the duty of submission.

'I am very glad you an't sorrier, mother,' said William; I was afraid you would feel dreadfully.'

'I am sorry, Willie—very sorry—it is a great loss to us, 'tis not that distressing kind of sorrow I should feel if you had been doing wrong; nor that heart-sickness I should have felt if any thing evil had happened to you, my dear boy.'

'Instead of that, something good has happened to me, mother.' William then told his mother how lucky he had been in seeing the cattle just in the nick of time. 'Sam says,' concluded Willie, 'the captain will not so much as thank me; but I don't care for that, for it's just as you say, mother; it makes you feel somehow so happy to feel you have done right because it was right, not because you want anybody to pay you, or thank you, or praise you for it.'

'That happy feeling, my dear child, is God's reward, and it is not like men's pay, and thanks, and praise; they may fail us, but this happy feeling we are sure of when conscience tells us we have done right; and it is quite reward enough for our best actions.'

'So I know it is, mother.'

DISSERTATIONS *on Hæmorrhages, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Scrofula, &c.* with a formulary and general index, by Drs. Burrows, Budd, Watson, Schapter, Rowlan!, Farre, Joy, edited by Alexander Tweedie, M. D. F. R. S., with notes by N. W. Gerhard, M. D. This day published and for sale at TICKONR'S corner of Washington and School streets. This volume forms the 5th of Library of Practical Medicine. j 19

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IMPORTER *of French and British Goods*, No. 224 Washington street, corner of Summer street, Boston, informs his Friends and the Public that he has received in part, and will receive by the next Havre Packets, and Cunard's line of Royal Mail Steamers, his Spring supply of New and Fashionable Articles.

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Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden, by G. Lindley, C. M H S.—edited by J. Lindley, Ph. D. F. R. S. &c.—1 vol, 8vo. for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, Booksellers, 112 Washington street. j 19

LORD MAHON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Second Edition—History of England from the peace of Utrecht to the peace of Aix La-Chapelle, by Lord Mahon—3 vols Second Edition, revised—For sale by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street. j 19

YOUNG'S CHRONICLES OF THE PILGRIMS.—Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth from 1602 to 1625—now first collected from original records and contemporaneous printed documents, and illustrated with notes, by Alexander Young.

This work is a prior document to Morton's New England's Memorial, and constitutes the beginning and foundation of our history. It contains a detailed narrative of the rise of the Pilgrims in England in 1602, their persecutions there, their difficult and perilous escape into Holland in 1608, their residence in that country during twelve years, the causes which led to their emigration to America, and a minute journal of events for three years after their landing at Cape Cod and settlement at Plymouth.

It makes an octavo volume of 520 pages, and is embellished by an engraving, on steel, of Governor Edward Winslow, from an original portrait painted in 1651, by maps of Plymouth harbor and Cape Cod, and by other illustrations. This day published by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street. june 12

EMERSON'S GEOGRAPHY & HISTORY.—This day received at TICKNOR'S, from the publishers, Hogan & Thompson, Philadelphia, a supply of Mr Frederick Emerson's new book for schools, viz:—Outlines of Geography and History, by Frederick Emerson.

The work is intended for schools, and combines Geography and History, presenting to the learner a concise view of the World. Each of these branches of knowledge is made to elucidate each other. Their natural relation is obvious, and bringing them into intimate connection in school studies is a desideratum long felt by instructers. j 12

VALUABLE ENGLISH BOOKS, *per late steamers*.—Anatomical Studies of the Pores and Muscles, for the use of artists, from drawings by the late John Flaxman, Esq. engraved by Henry Landseer, Esq. with two additional plates, and explanatory notes by Wm Robinson; The Seven Ages of Shakspeare, beautifully illustrated, Ure's Dictionary of arts, manufactures and mines, a clear exposition of their principles and practice, with 1240 engravings on wood; Andral's Clinique Medicale, or reports of medical cases condensed and translated; Curtis on Manhood; Ryan's Philosophy of Marriage; Ægis of Life; Van Butchell on Vistula; Henderson's Isaiah; Moore's works, new ed. vol 7; Currie's Principles and Practice of Homœopathy; Researches on the pathology and treatment of some of the most important diseases of Women, by Robt Lee, M. D. FRS; Demonstrations of Anatomy, being a guide to the dissection of the human body, by George Viner Ellis. For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. j 12

BEAN'S ADVICE.—Clergymen and others will find this instructive and useful work, at the usual low price, at the Office of the Christian Register. m 1

THE BEST HOURS OF LIFE for the Hour of Death, from the German of Jean Paul Richter. Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. j 6

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ENGLISH BIBLES.—A prime assortment of folio, quarto, octavo, 12mo and 32mo Bibles, Oxford and Cambridge editions, in beautiful bindings. Just received from England, and for sale at TICKNOK'S corner of Washington and School streets. m 29

THE Cheapest Letter Paper ever offered for sale in this city, at 2$ per ream.—An excellent quality of Letter Paper at the extremely low price of $2 *per ream*. For sale by THOMAS GROOM & CO., Stationers, 82 State street. 6t may 22

TO TRAVELLERS.—This day received, and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets,

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R. E. DIXON, successor to GEO. H. GAY, Dentist: Removed to No. 9 Winter Street. july 13

LA TROBE'S SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Scripture Illustrations; being a series of engravings on steel and wood, illustrative of the Geography and Topography of the Bible, and demonstrating the truth of the Scriptures from the face of nature, and the remains of the works of Man with two hundred illustrations. London.

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NEW BOOKS.—Dissertations on Hœmorrhages, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Scrofula, &c, being vol. 5, Tweedie's Library of Medicine, 8vo.

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Just published, for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington street. j 19

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS. *Edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett.* Contents of the No. for June.

The Death of the President of the Unitid States—A Sermon; by Rev. F. A. Farley.
The Convert of Athens.
Naturalism and Supernaturalism.
Spring.
Notices of Rev. Ezekiel L. Bascom.
My Centre Table—Third Sitting.
The Example of Christ.
Notices of Books.—Channing's Discourse on Tuckerman; Ingersoll's Sermon on the Death of Christ; Frothingham's Sermon on the Solemn Week; Putnam's, Whitney's, Peabody's, Lamson's, Hall's and Furness' Discourses on occasion of the Death of President Harrison; Sedgwick's Stories for Young Persons.
Intelligence.—Ordination at Norton, Ms.; Ordination at South Boston; Dudleian Lecture; Book and Pamphlet Society; Massachusetts Bible Society; American Peace Society; American Unitarian Association; Berry Street Conference; The Collation; Sunday School Society; Convention of Congregational Ministers; Evangelical Missionary Society; Society for Propagating the Gospel; Meeting on Thursday evening.

The unusual size of the present number will account for the delay in its publication. Besides the Index and Contents of the volume which closes with this number, eight extra pages are given, in order to present a full record of the meetings held during the anniversary week in which the reader may be presumed to feel the most interest. We think our subscribers will hardly complain of the delay, when they consider the additional labor and expense to which in consequence we have subjected ourselves.

WILLIAM CROSBY & CO.
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EMERSON'S GEOGRAPHY & HISTORY.—This day received at TICKNOR'S, from the publishers, Hogan & Thompson, Philadelphia, a supply of Mr Frederick Emerson's new book for schools, viz:—Outlines of Geography and History, by Frederick Emerson.

The work is intended for schools, and combines Geography and History, presenting to the learner a concise view of the World. Each of these branches of knowledge are made to elucidate each other. Their natural relation is obvious, and the bringing them into intimate connection in school studies is a desideratum long felt by instructers. j 19

COLEMAN'S CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—The Antiquities of the Christian Church, translated and compiled from the works of Augusti, with numerous additions from Rheinwald, Siegel, and others, by Rev. Lyman Coleman 1 vol. 8 vo. plates.

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The Settlers at Home, by H. Martineau.

Gems of Irish Wit and Eloquence, by James Hoban of the Washington Bar, 12mo.

The Young Maiden, by A. B. Muzzey, Author of the Young Man's Friend, &c. New edition.

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GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.

JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirtieth edition of 'A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,' by Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

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The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz.—King's Chapel, (Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis street Society (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr Channing;) Boston. Church of the Messiah New York (Rev. Dr Dewey;) Cambridge, East Cambridge, West Cambridge, Cambridge Port, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Chelsea, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Weston, Lowell, Lexington, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Bedford, Ipswich, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Mass. — Portsmouth, Walpole, N. H. — Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me.—Hartford, Conn. —Providence, Newport, R. I.—Brattleboro' Vt.—Richmond, Va.—Savannah, Geo.—Mobile, Ala.—Alton, Ill. —St. Louis, Mo.—Louisville, Ky.—and many other places in New England and the Southern and Western States.

The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns. No further alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington street (up stairs.) j 6

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